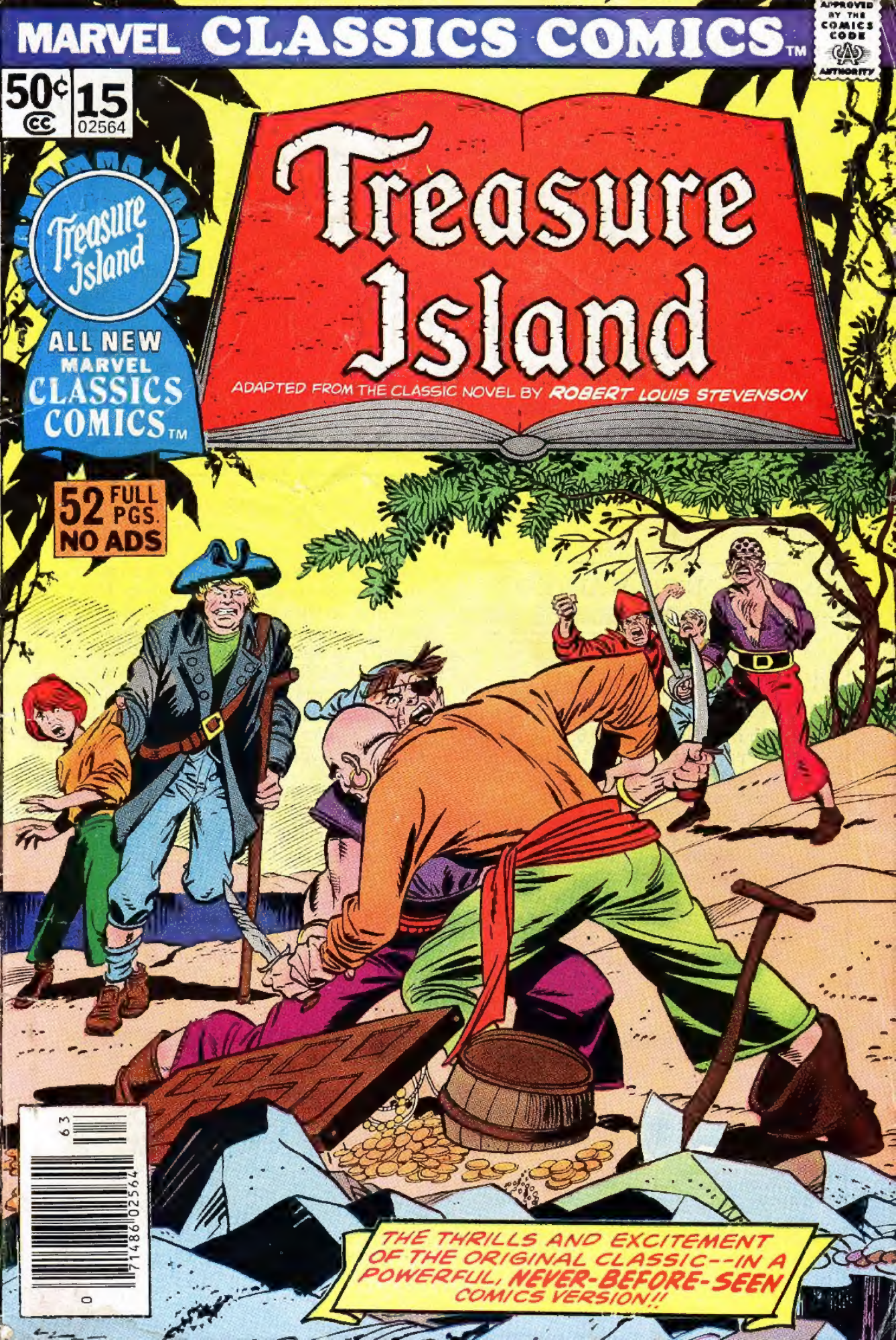
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STAN LEE presents

Treasure Island

by Robert Louis Stevenson

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Coloring

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LEN GROW &
NORA MACLIN
Production &
Staff

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1850. An industrious person, he carried two books with him always: one to read and one in which to write.

His imagination for a story was sparked often by simple clues. *Treasure Island*, for example, was reputedly inspired by a treasure map and a twelve-year-old boy. Many of the adventures are similar to ones Stevenson experienced as a child.

Stevenson was interested not only in buried treasure, pirates, and sea adventure, but also in human psychology. His fascination with the conflict of good and evil in man prompted him to write *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Partially because of his Calvinist upbringing, he thought that man was always suppressing his evil nature. This nature, so long held back, breaks loose violently in the character of Mr. Hyde.

Stevenson was a collector of ideas. Often he borrowed expressions or thoughts from other writers, but his own style was unmistakable. He travelled extensively, married an American, and retreated for health reasons to the South Sea islands. There, in 1894, he died of tuberculosis, but not until he had established himself as the "tusitala" or "the teller of tales" to the natives.

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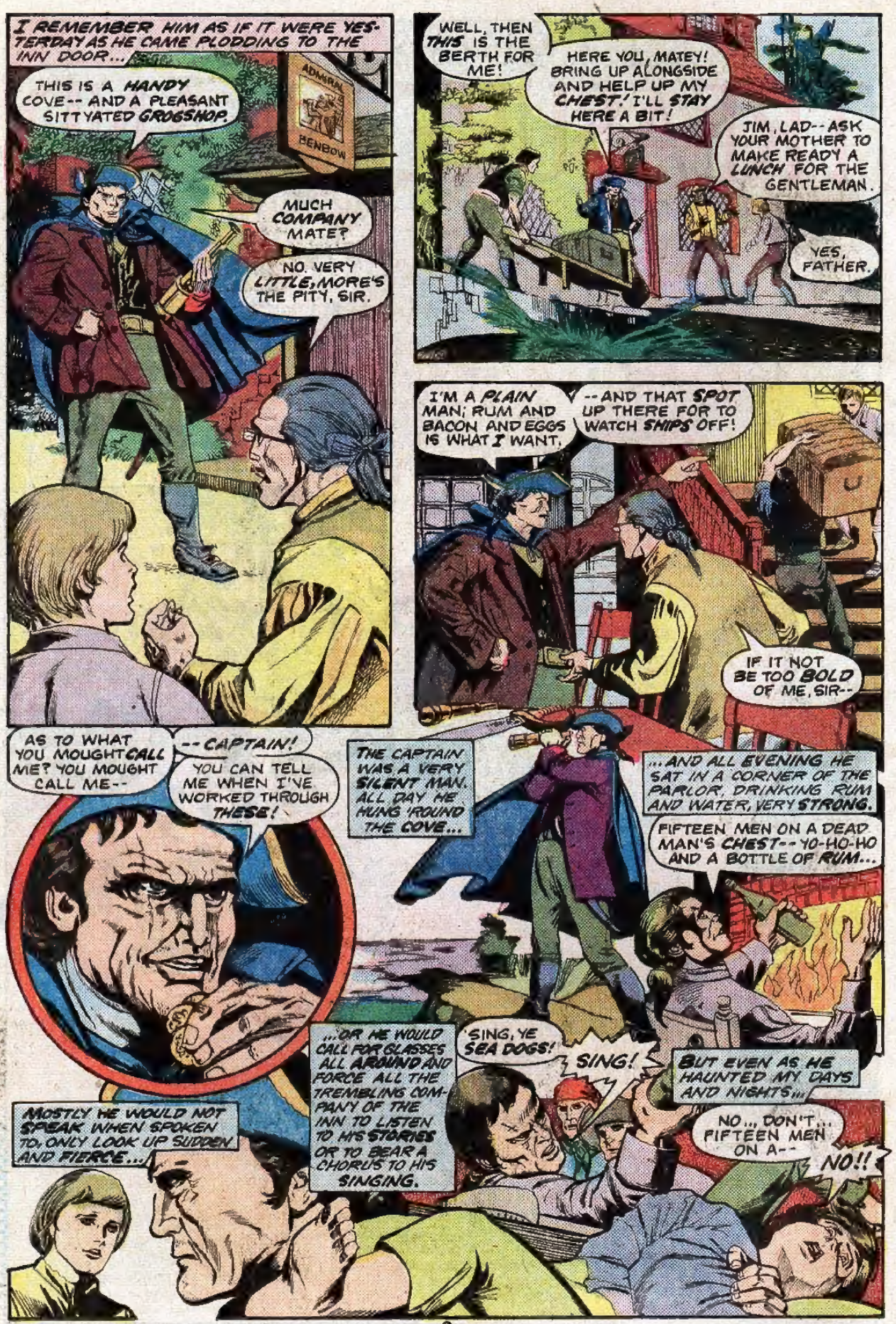
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S

TREASURE ISLAND

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of the gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about TREASURE ISLAND, from the beginning and to the end, and keeping nothing back but the BEARINGS of the island and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of Grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the "ADMIRAL BENBOW" INN, and the brown old seaman, with the sabre cut, first took up lodging under our roof...


I REMEMBER HIM AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY AS HE CAME PLODDING TO THE INN DOOR...
THIS IS A HANDY COVE-- AND A PLEASANT SITTYATED GROGSHOP.
ADMIRAL BENBOW
MUCH COMPANY MATE?
NO. VERY LITTLE, MORE'S THE PITY, SIR.
WELL, THEN THIS IS THE BERTH FOR ME!
HERE YOU, MATEY! BRING UP ALONGSIDE AND HELP UP MY CHEST.' I'LL STAY HERE A BIT!
JIM, LAD-- ASK YOUR MOTHER TO MAKE READY A LUNCH FOR THE GENTLEMAN.
YES, FATHER.
I'M A PLAIN MAN; RUM AND BACON AND EGGS IS WHAT I WANT.
--AND THAT SPOT UP THERE FOR TO WATCH SHIPS OFF!
IF IT NOT BE TOO BOLD OF ME, SIR--
AS TO WHAT YOU MOUGHT CALL ME? YOU MOUGHT CALL ME--
--CAPTAIN!
YOU CAN TELL ME WHEN I'VE WORKED THROUGH THESE!
THE CAPTAIN WAS A VERY SILENT MAN. ALL DAY HE HUNG 'ROUND THE COVE...
...AND ALL EVENING HE SAT IN A CORNER OF THE PARLOR, DRINKING RUM AND WATER, VERY STRONG.
FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST-- YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM...
MOSTLY HE WOULD NOT SPEAK WHEN SPOKEN TO, ONLY LOOK UP SUDDEN AND FIERCE...
...OR HE WOULD CALL FOR GLASSES ALL AROUND AND FORCE ALL THE TREMBLING COMPANY OF THE INN TO LISTEN TO HIS STORIES OR TO BEAR A CHORUS TO HIS SINGING.
SING, YE SEA DOGS!
SING!
BUT EVEN AS HE HAUNTED MY DAYS AND NIGHTS...
NO... DON'T... FIFTEEN MEN ON A--
NO!!

... I WAS SOON TO LEARN WHAT IT WAS THAT HAUNTED HIS.
D'YE SEE THIS HERE FOUR-PENNY PIECE, BOY?
Y-YES, SIR, I DO!
THEN 'TIS YOURS BOY--ON THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH--IF YE'LL KEEP A WEATHER EYE OPEN FOR A SEA-FARING MAN WITH ONE LEG!
OUR NIGHTMARES THEN COMBINED, AND ON NIGHTS WHEN THE WIND SHOOK THE INN...
--I WOULD SEE THE ONE LEGGED SEAMAN IN A THOUSAND FORMS AND WITH A THOUSAND DIABOLICAL EXPRESSIONS.
FOR MONTHS THE SITUATION REMAINED MUCH THE SAME, SAVE THAT MY POOR MOTHER AND I HAD TO DIVIDE OUR HOURS BETWEEN THE INN AND MY FATHER WHOSE HEALTH WAS RAPIDLY FAILING ... HASTENED, QUITE POSSIBLY, BY THE TERROR IN WHICH HE LIVED OF THE DRUNKEN CAPTAIN.
AND HOW FARE YOU, DAME HAWKINS? IF YOUR VITTLES KEEP YOU AS WELL AS THEY DO ME--
--YOUR HEALTH MUST BE ASSURED!
JIM AND I ARE ... WELL, DR. LIVESEY.
... YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM...
IT MUST BE HARD ON YOU JIM--BECOMING ALMOST THE MAN OF THE HOUSE, NOT EVEN GIVEN THE CHANCE TO GROW INTO YOUR FATHER'S WAISTCOAT!
MOTHER AND I WORK AS BEST AS WE ARE ABLE, DOCTOR.
I HAD NOTICED THAT THE CAPTAIN'S WRETCHED SONG HAD STOPPED...
... AND WAS SOON AWARE THAT OUR LODGER WAS STARING ANGRILY AT THE GOOD DOCTOR.
SILENCE THERE, BETWEEN DECKS.
WERE YOU ADDRESSING ME, SIR?
AYE! THAT I WERE, YE PALE, CAST OFF SON OF--
I HAVE ONLY ONE THING TO SAY TO YOU, SIR--
--THAT IF YOU KEEP ON DRINKING RUM, THE WORLD WILL VERY SOON BE QUIT OF A VERY DIRTY SCOUNDREL!
THE OLD FELLOW'S FURY WAS AWFUL, AND...
I'LL SEE YE PINNED TO THE WALL YE POWDERED, DANDY!
BUT DOCTOR LIVESEY NEVER SO MUCH AS MOVED, ONLY SPEAKING IN A LOUD VOICE PERFECTLY CALM AND STEADY.

IF YOU DO NOT PUT UP THAT KNIFE THIS INSTANT, I WILL PROMISE YOU-- UPON MY HONOR--
--THAT YOU WILL HANG AT THE NEXT ASSIZES!
I AM A MAGISTRATE, SIR--AS WELL AS A DOCTOR--

--AND IF I CATCH ONE BREATH OF COMPLAINT AGAINST YOU, I'LL TAKE ACTION TO HAVE YOU HUNTED DOWN AND ROUTED OUT OF THE PROVINCE.
GOOD DAY, DAME HAWKINS.
THE CAPTAIN HELD HIS PEACE THE REST OF THAT EVENING, AND FOR MANY NIGHTS TO COME.

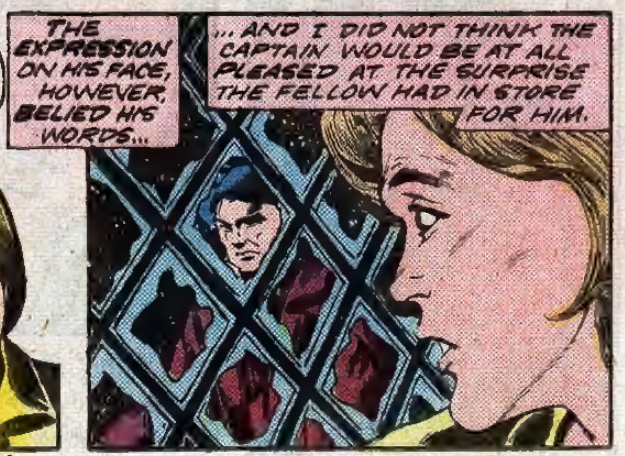
WINTER CAME ON, COLD AND BITTER WITH LONG, HARD FROSTS AND HEAVY GALES. MY POOR FATHER SANK DAILY... AND IN OUR CARE, THOUGHTS OF OUR UNPLEASANT LODGER WENT BY WITHOUT MUCH REGARD...

...UNTIL ONE JANUARY MORNING...
...WHEN MEMORY OF HIM WAS FORCED ONCE MORE UPON US.

IS THIS HERE TABLE FOR MY MATE BILL, SONNY?
I-- I DON'T KNOW YOUR MATE, BILL, SIR.
THIS IS FOR OUR GUEST WHOM WE HAVE BEEN ASKED TO CALL "THE CAPTAIN!"
THE STRANGER WAS A PALE, TALLOWY CREATURE, LACKING TWO FINGERS OF THE LEFT HAND; AND THOUGH HE WORE A CUTLASS, HE DID NOT LOOK LIKE MUCH OF A FIGHTER.

TO EARN THE CAPTAIN'S FOURPENNY PIECE I HAD ALWAYS KEPT MY EYE OPEN FOR SEA-FARING MEN, WITH ONE LEG OR TWO...
...AND I REMEMBER THIS ONE PUZZLED ME. HE WAS NOT SAILORLY...

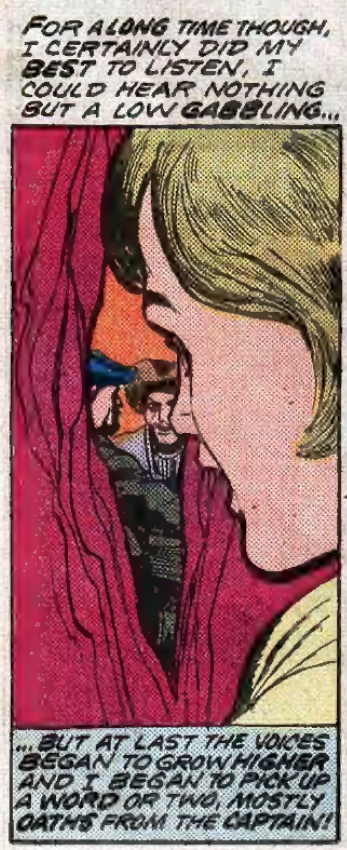
...AND YET HE HAD A SMACK OF THE SEA ABOUT HIM, TOO.
WELL, MY MATE, BILL, WOULD BE CALLED "THE CAPTAIN"-- LIKE AS NOT! I'LL WAIT FOR 'IM, I WILL!
THIS'LL BE AS GOOD AS DRINK TO MY MATE, BILL! A LITTLE SURPRISE -- BLESS 'IS 'ART!
Y-YES, SIR.


THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE, HOWEVER, BELIED HIS WORDS...
...AND I DID NOT THINK THE CAPTAIN WOULD BE AT ALL PLEASED AT THE SURPRISE THE FELLOW HAD IN STORE FOR HIM.

BOY! MY BREAKFAST, BOY! BE IT READY?
WHERE BE THE LITTLE--
THE MAN FORCED ME BEHIND HIM AND, BOTH OF US HIDDEN BY THE OPEN DOOR, EVEN HAD I WISHED IT, I COULD NOT HAVE WARNED THE CAPTAIN.

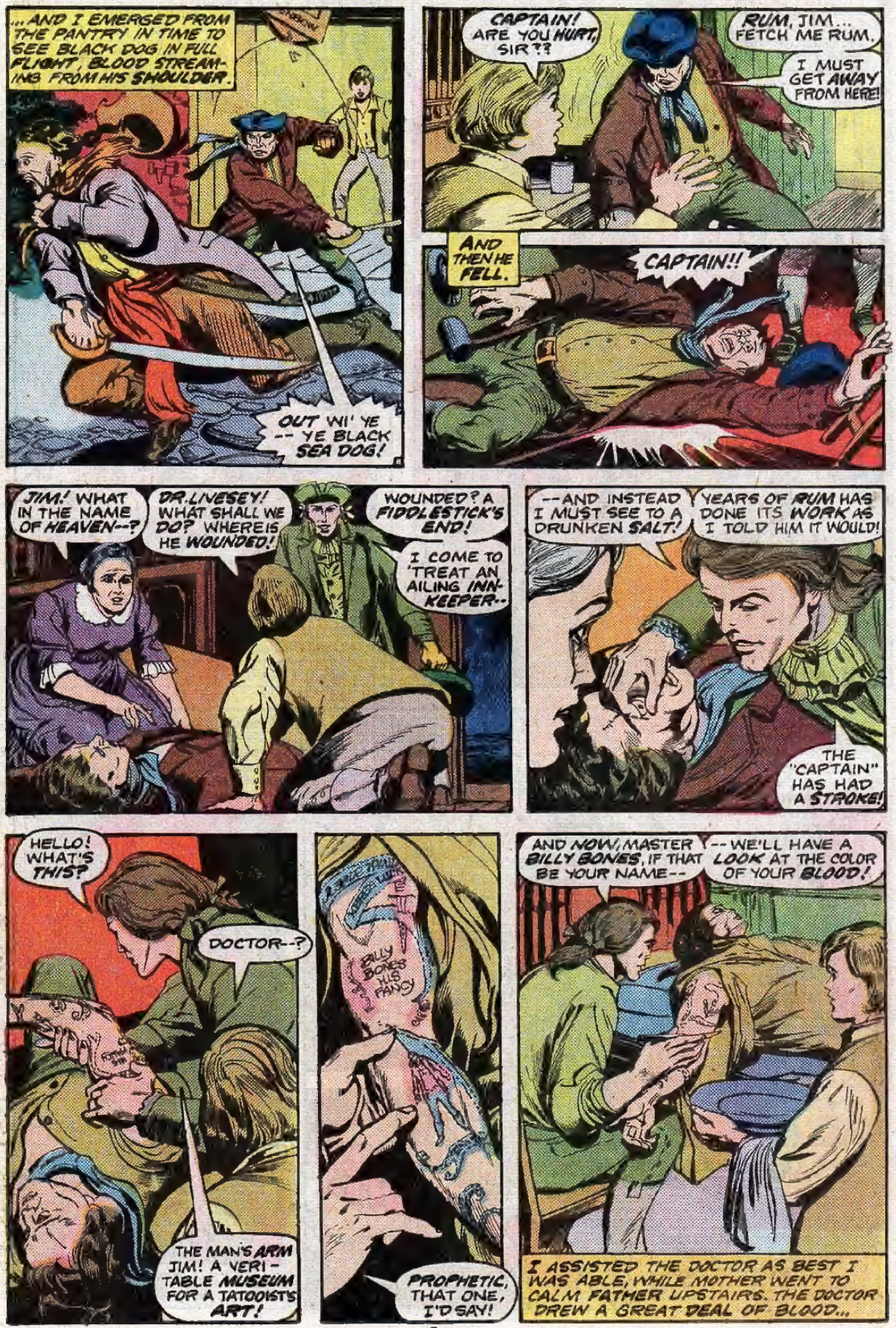
BILL?
YOU KNOW AN OLD SHIPMATE, BILL-- SURELY?

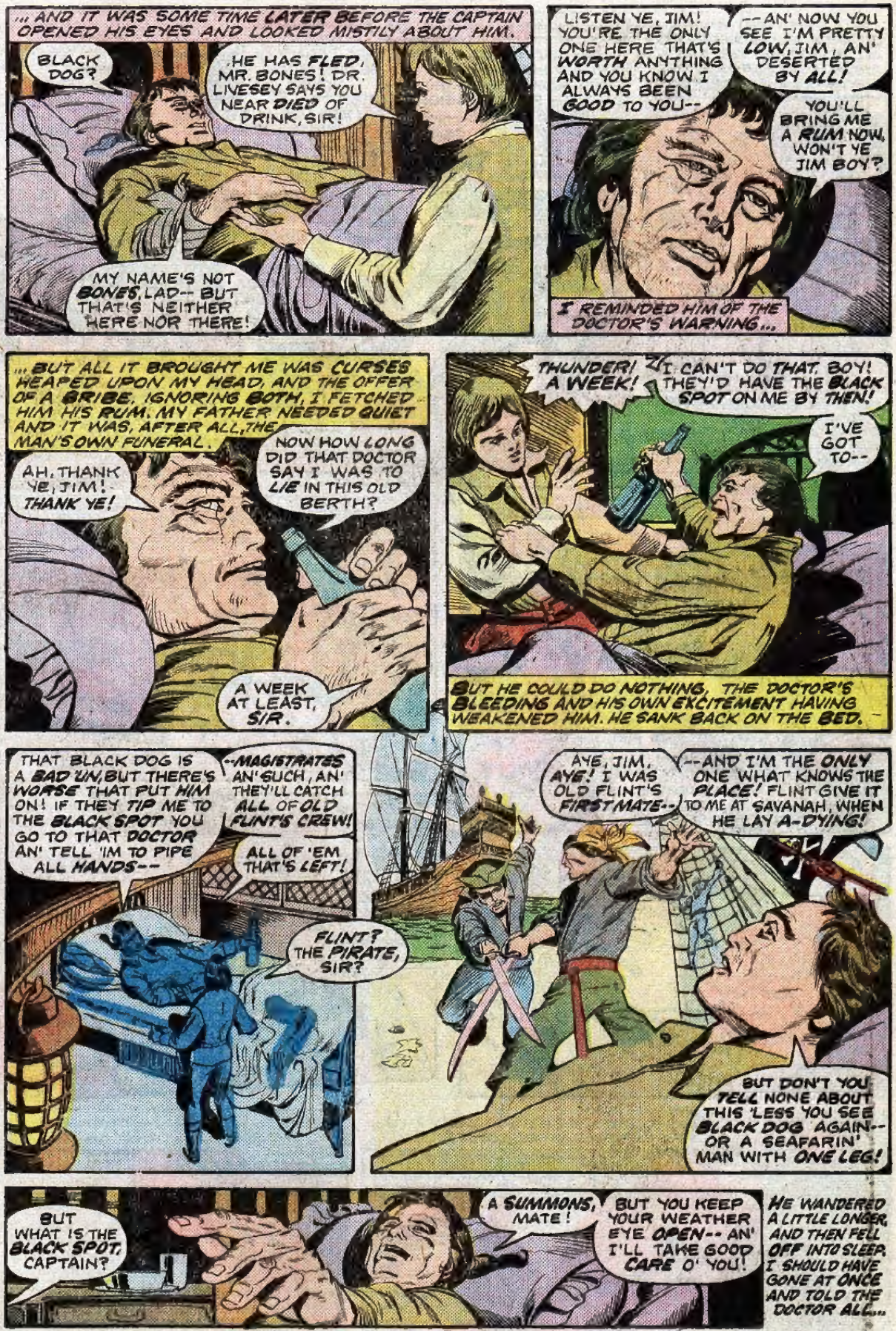
BLACK DOG!!
AND WHO ELSE? BLACK DOG AS EVER WAS--
--COME FOR TO SEE HIS OLD SHIPMATE, BILLY, AT THE "ADMIRAL BENBOW" INN!
NOW HAVE THE WHELP FETCH US RUM, BILL, AN' TWO OLD FRIENDS 'LL SET DOWN AN' TALK SQUARE--LIKE OLD SHIPMATES!

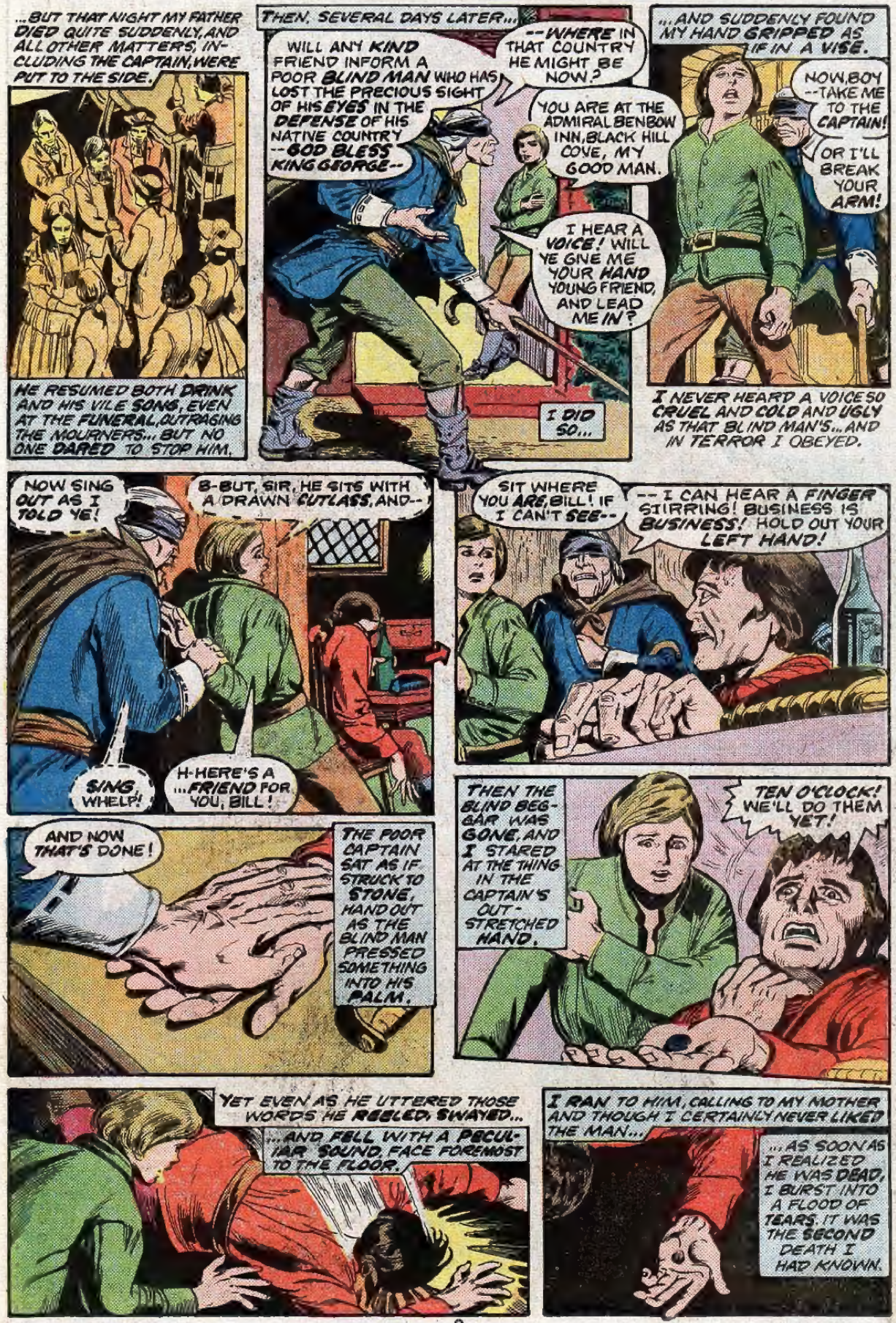

FOR A LONG TIME THOUGH, I CERTAINLY DID MY BEST TO LISTEN, I COULD HEAR NOTHING BUT A LOW GABBLING...
...BUT AT LAST THE VOICES BEGAN TO GROW HIGHER AND I BEGAN TO PICK UP A WORD OR TWO, MOSTLY OATHS FROM THE CAPTAIN!

NO! NO! AN END OF IT!
IF IT COMES TO SWINGING, SWING ALL, SAY I!
CRR
SH!

THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION OF OATHS AND OTHER NOISES...
...FOLLOWED BY A CLASH OF STEEL...


...AND I EMERGED FROM THE PANTRY IN TIME TO SEE BLACK DOG IN FULL FLIGHT, BLOOD STREAMING FROM HIS SHOULDER.
OUT WI' YE -- YE BLACK SEA DOG!
CAPTAIN! ARE YOU HURT, SIR??
RUM, JIM... FETCH ME RUM.
I MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE!
AND THEN HE FELL.
CAPTAIN!!
JIM! WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN--?
DR. LIVESEY! WHAT SHALL WE DO? WHERE IS HE WOUNDED!
WOUNDED? A FIDDLESTICK'S END!
I COME TO 'TREAT AN AILING INN-KEEPER..
--AND INSTEAD I MUST SEE TO A DRUNKEN SALT!
YEARS OF RUM HAS DONE ITS WORK AS I TOLD HIM IT WOULD!
THE "CAPTAIN" HAS HAD A STROKE!
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?
DOCTOR--?
THE MAN'S ARM JIM! A VERITABLE MUSEUM FOR A TATOOIST'S ART!
BILLY BONES HIS FANCY
PROPHETIC, THAT ONE, I'D SAY!
AND NOW, MASTER BILLY BONES, IF THAT BE YOUR NAME--
--WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE COLOR OF YOUR BLOOD!
I ASSISTED THE DOCTOR AS BEST I WAS ABLE, WHILE MOTHER WENT TO CALM FATHER UPSTAIRS. THE DOCTOR DREW A GREAT DEAL OF BLOOD...

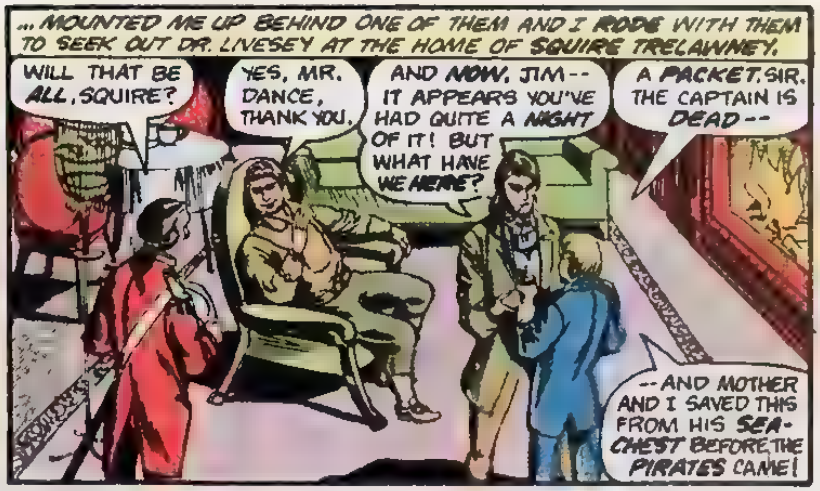

... AND IT WAS SOME TIME LATER BEFORE THE CAPTAIN OPENED HIS EYES AND LOOKED MISTILY ABOUT HIM.
BLACK DOG?
HE HAS FLED, MR. BONES! DR. LIVESEY SAYS YOU NEAR DIED OF DRINK, SIR!
MY NAME'S NOT BONES, LAD-- BUT THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE!
LISTEN YE, JIM! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE THAT'S WORTH ANYTHING AND YOU KNOW I ALWAYS BEEN GOOD TO YOU--
--AN' NOW YOU SEE I'M PRETTY LOW, JIM, AN' DESERTED BY ALL!
YOU'LL BRING ME A RUM NOW, WON'T YE JIM BOY?
I REMINDED HIM OF THE DOCTOR'S WARNING...
... BUT ALL IT BROUGHT ME WAS CURSES HEAPED UPON MY HEAD, AND THE OFFER OF A BRIBE. IGNORING BOTH, I FETCHED HIM HIS RUM. MY FATHER NEEDED QUIET AND IT WAS, AFTER ALL, THE MAN'S OWN FUNERAL.
AH, THANK YE, JIM! THANK YE!
NOW HOW LONG DID THAT DOCTOR SAY I WAS TO LIE IN THIS OLD BERTH?
A WEEK AT LEAST, SIR.
THUNDER! A WEEK!
I CAN'T DO THAT, BOY! THEY'D HAVE THE BLACK SPOT ON ME BY THEN!
I'VE GOT TO--
BUT HE COULD DO NOTHING, THE DOCTOR'S BLEEDING AND HIS OWN EXCITEMENT HAVING WEAKENED HIM. HE SANK BACK ON THE BED.
THAT BLACK DOG IS A BAD 'UN, BUT THERE'S WORSE THAT PUT HIM ON! IF THEY TIP ME TO THE BLACK SPOT YOU GO TO THAT DOCTOR AN' TELL 'IM TO PIPE ALL HANDS--
--MAGISTRATES AN' SUCH, AN' THEY'LL CATCH ALL OF OLD FLINT'S CREW!
ALL OF 'EM THAT'S LEFT!
FLINT? THE PIRATE, SIR?
AYE, JIM, AYE! I WAS OLD FLINT'S FIRST MATE--
--AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHAT KNOWS THE PLACE! FLINT GIVE IT TO ME AT SAVANAH, WHEN HE LAY A-DYING!
BUT DON'T YOU TELL NONE ABOUT THIS 'LESS YOU SEE BLACK DOG AGAIN-- OR A SEAFARIN' MAN WITH ONE LEG!
BUT WHAT IS THE BLACK SPOT, CAPTAIN?
A SUMMONS, MATE!
BUT YOU KEEP YOUR WEATHER EYE OPEN-- AN' I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE O' YOU!
HE WANDERED A LITTLE LONGER, AND THEN FELL OFF INTO SLEEP. I SHOULD HAVE GONE AT ONCE AND TOLD THE DOCTOR ALL...


...BUT THAT NIGHT MY FATHER DIED QUITE SUDDENLY, AND ALL OTHER MATTERS, INCLUDING THE CAPTAIN, WERE PUT TO THE SIDE.
HE RESUMED BOTH DRINK AND HIS VILE SONG, EVEN AT THE FUNERAL, OUTRAGING THE MOURNERS... BUT NO ONE DARED TO STOP HIM.
THEN, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
WILL ANY KIND FRIEND INFORM A POOR BLIND MAN WHO HAS LOST THE PRECIOUS SIGHT OF HIS EYES IN THE DEFENSE OF HIS NATIVE COUNTRY --GOD BLESS KING GEORGE--
--WHERE IN THAT COUNTRY HE MIGHT BE NOW?
YOU ARE AT THE ADMIRAL BENBOW INN, BLACK HILL COVE, MY GOOD MAN.
I HEAR A VOICE! WILL YE GIVE ME YOUR HAND YOUNG FRIEND, AND LEAD ME IN?
I DID SO...
...AND SUDDENLY FOUND MY HAND GRIPPED AS IF IN A VISE.
NOW, BOY --TAKE ME TO THE CAPTAIN!
OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM!
I NEVER HEARD A VOICE SO CRUEL AND COLD AND UGLY AS THAT BLIND MAN'S... AND IN TERROR I OBEYED.
NOW SING OUT AS I TOLD YE!
B-BUT, SIR, HE SITS WITH A DRAWN CUTLASS, AND--
SING, WHELP!
H-HERE'S A ...FRIEND FOR YOU, BILL!
SIT WHERE YOU ARE, BILL! IF I CAN'T SEE--
--I CAN HEAR A FINGER STIRRING! BUSINESS IS BUSINESS! HOLD OUT YOUR LEFT HAND!
AND NOW THAT'S DONE!
THE POOR CAPTAIN SAT AS IF STRUCK TO STONE, HAND OUT AS THE BLIND MAN PRESSED SOMETHING INTO HIS PALM.
THEN THE BLIND BEGGAR WAS GONE, AND I STARED AT THE THING IN THE CAPTAIN'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND.
TEN O'CLOCK! WE'LL DO THEM YET!
YET EVEN AS HE UTTERED THOSE WORDS HE REELED, SWAYED...
...AND FELL WITH A PECULIAR SOUND, FACE FOREMOST TO THE FLOOR.
I RAN TO HIM, CALLING TO MY MOTHER AND THOUGH I CERTAINLY NEVER LIKED THE MAN...
...AS SOON AS I REALIZED HE WAS DEAD, I BURST INTO A FLOOD OF TEARS. IT WAS THE SECOND DEATH I HAD KNOWN.

MY MOTHER SENT ME TO THE VILLAGE TO FETCH HELP FOR WE WERE SURE THE PIRATES WERE SOON TO RETURN. BUT THE MERE MENTION OF CAPTAIN FLINT WAS ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM AWAY THOUGH THEY DID PROMISE TO RIDE AND FETCH DR LIVESEY ! THEN RETURNED TO THE INN AND WE WENT THROUGH THE CAPTAIN'S SEA CHEST... IN HOPES OF FINDING THERE THE MONEY OWED US.
I CANNOT COUNT WHAT WITH ALL THE FOREIGN MONIES, JIM!
I HEAR FOOTSTEPS UP THE ROAD MOTHER! JUST TAKE WHAT YOU SEE--
--WHILE I WILL TAKE THIS OILSKIN PACKET TO SQUARE MY ACCOUNT!
THERE WAS A LONG, LOW WHISTLE FROM WITHOUT...
...AND WE FLED INTO THE NIGHT, SEEKING SHELTER IN THE DEEPER SHADOWS UNDER THE ARCH OF A SMALL BRIDGE.
IN WITH THAT DOOR!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
BILL'S DEAD, PEW!
SEARCH HIM!
AND THE REST OF YOU ALOFT TO THE CHEST!
PEW! THEY'VE BEEN BEFORE US!
IS IT THERE?
THE MONEY'S THERE!
CURSE THE MONEY! FLINT'S FIST, I MEAN!
WE DON'T SEE IT HERE NO HOW!
IT'S THAT BOY OF THE INN! SCATTER AND FIND HIM, LADS!
AN' WHEN WE'RE DONE WI' 'IM WE'LL PUT HIS EYES OUT!
JUST THEN A WHISTLE WAS HEARD FROM UP THE ROAD.

THAT'S DIRK'S SIGNAL, PEW! TWICE! WE'LL HAVE TO BUDGE!
BUDGE YOU SKULK? DIRK WAS A FOOL AND A COWARD FROM THE FIRST!
WE'VE GOT THE DOUBLOONS, PEW! I SAY TAKE 'EM AND DON'T STAND HERE SQUALLING!
THIS QUARREL WAS THE SAVING OF US, FOR WHILE THEY WERE ARGUING THE TRAMP OF HORSES GALLOPING CAME FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL.
OFF WITH YE, MATES!
JOHNNY! BLACK DOG!!
YE WON'T LEAVE OLD PEW, MATES--
--NOT OLD PEW!
NOT OLD PEWWWWWWW!

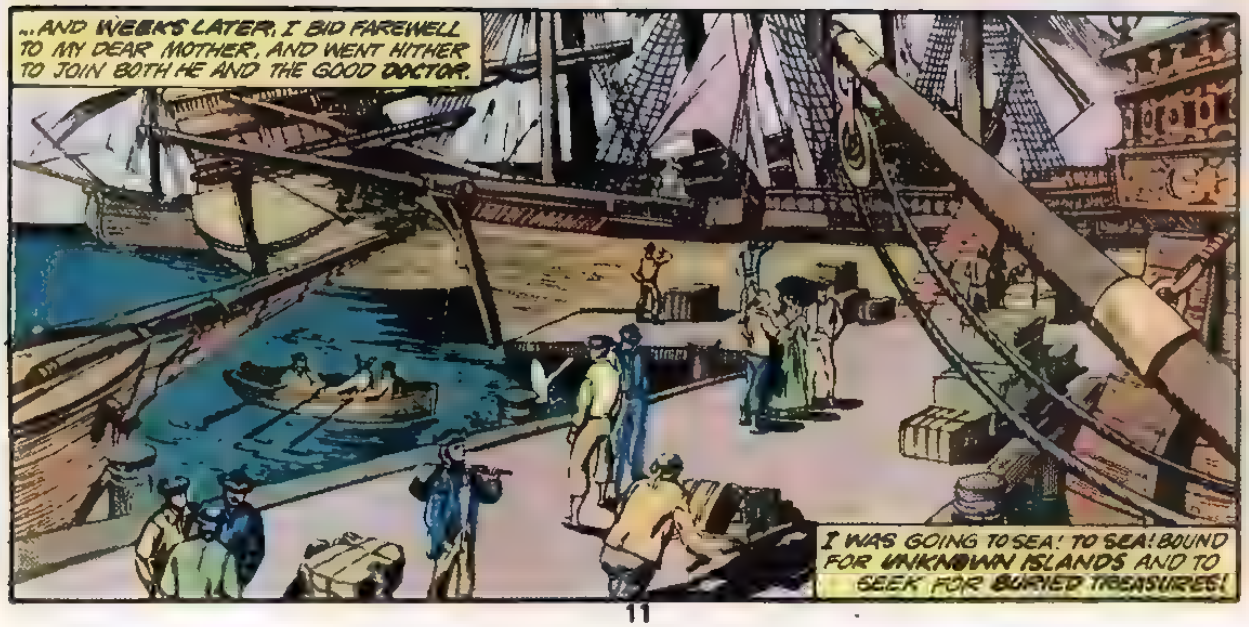
The riders were REVENUE OFFICERS, summoned by a neighbor who had been unable to find Dr. Livesey, and my mother and I returned with them to the inn.
When asked by the officers what it was the blackguards could have been LOOKING for, I told them I thought it must be the PACKET I had secured from the dead captain's SEA-CHEST, and they, upon considering the IMPORTANCE of what had occurred .


...MOUNTED ME UP BEHIND ONE OF THEM AND I RODE WITH THEM TO SEEK OUT DR. LIVESEY AT THE HOME OF SQUIRE TRELAWNEY.
WILL THAT BE ALL, SQUIRE?
YES, MR. DANCE, THANK YOU.
AND NOW, JIM -- IT APPEARS YOU'VE HAD QUITE A NIGHT OF IT! BUT WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
A PACKET, SIR. THE CAPTAIN IS DEAD --
-- AND MOTHER AND I SAVED THIS FROM HIS SEA-CHEST BEFORE THE PIRATES CAME!

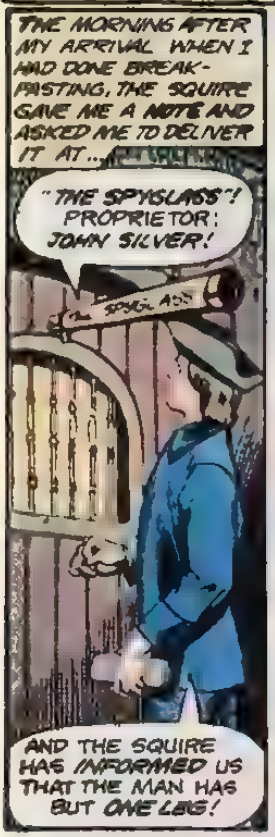
'TIS A MAP, LIVESEY! CAPTAIN FLINT'S MAP!!
A TREASURE MAP!
I SUPPOSE THAT IS WHAT IT MUST BE, SQUIRE! BUT IF FLINT HAD TREASURE -- AND BURIED IT --
-- WOULD THAT TREASURE AMOUNT TO MUCH?

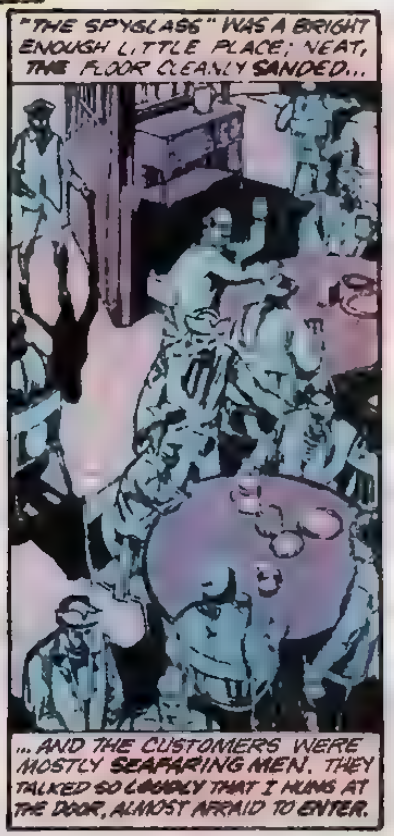
AMOUNT, SIR! IT WILL AMOUNT TO THIS!
IF THIS MAP IS WHAT IT SEEMS TO BE, I WILL FIT OUT A SHIP IN BRISTOL DOCK AND TAKE YOU AND HAWKINS HERE ALONG WITH ME!
I'LL HAVE THAT TREASURE, SIR, IF I SEARCH A YEAR!

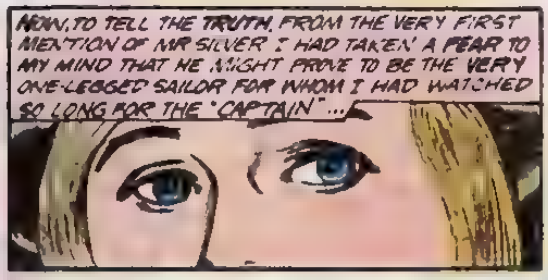
THIS MAP MAKES ME FEEL I SHALL JOIN YOU AT THAT, SQUIRE.
DO SO, THEN, LIVESEY. GIVE UP THIS WRETCHED PRACTICE AT ONCE!
WE'LL HAVE FAVOURABLE WINDS, A QUICK PASSAGE -- AND MONEY TO EAT, TO ROLL IN! WE'LL BE RICH FOR EVER AFTER.
THE NEXT DAY THE SQUIRE SET OFF FOR BRISTOL...

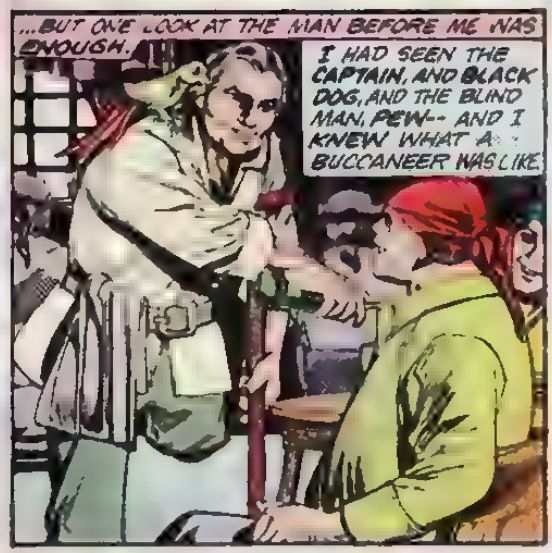

...AND WEEKS LATER, I BID FAREWELL TO MY DEAR MOTHER, AND WENT HITHER TO JOIN BOTH HE AND THE GOOD DOCTOR.
I WAS GOING TO SEA! TO SEA! BOUND FOR UNKNOWN ISLANDS AND TO SEEK FOR BURIED TREASURES!

Squire Trelawney had purchased a worthy ship, "The HISPANIOLA," and had secured for it an able seaman — one CAPTAIN SMOLLETT — to pilot us to TREASURE ISLAND But in finding a CREW the Squire had been at a LOSS until he met one day at Bristol Dock an old sailor who kept a public house, knew all the men ashore and wanted a good berth as COOK to get him to SEA again The man hobbled about on ONE LEG and went by the name LONG JOHN SILVER

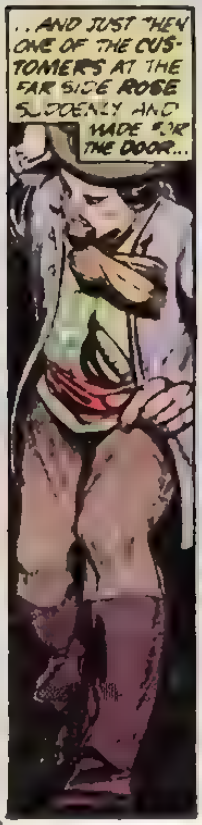

THE MORNING AFTER MY ARRIVAL WHEN I HAD DONE BREAK-FASTING, THE SQUIRE GAVE ME A NOTE AND ASKED ME TO DELIVER IT AT...
"THE SPYGLASS"! PROPRIETOR: JOHN SILVER!
AND THE SQUIRE HAS INFORMED US THAT THE MAN HAS BUT ONE LEG!


"THE SPYGLASS" WAS A BRIGHT ENOUGH LITTLE PLACE; NEAT, THE FLOOR CLEANLY SANDED...
...AND THE CUSTOMERS WERE MOSTLY SEAFARING MEN. THEY TALKED SO LOUDLY THAT I HUNG AT THE DOOR, ALMOST AFRAID TO ENTER.

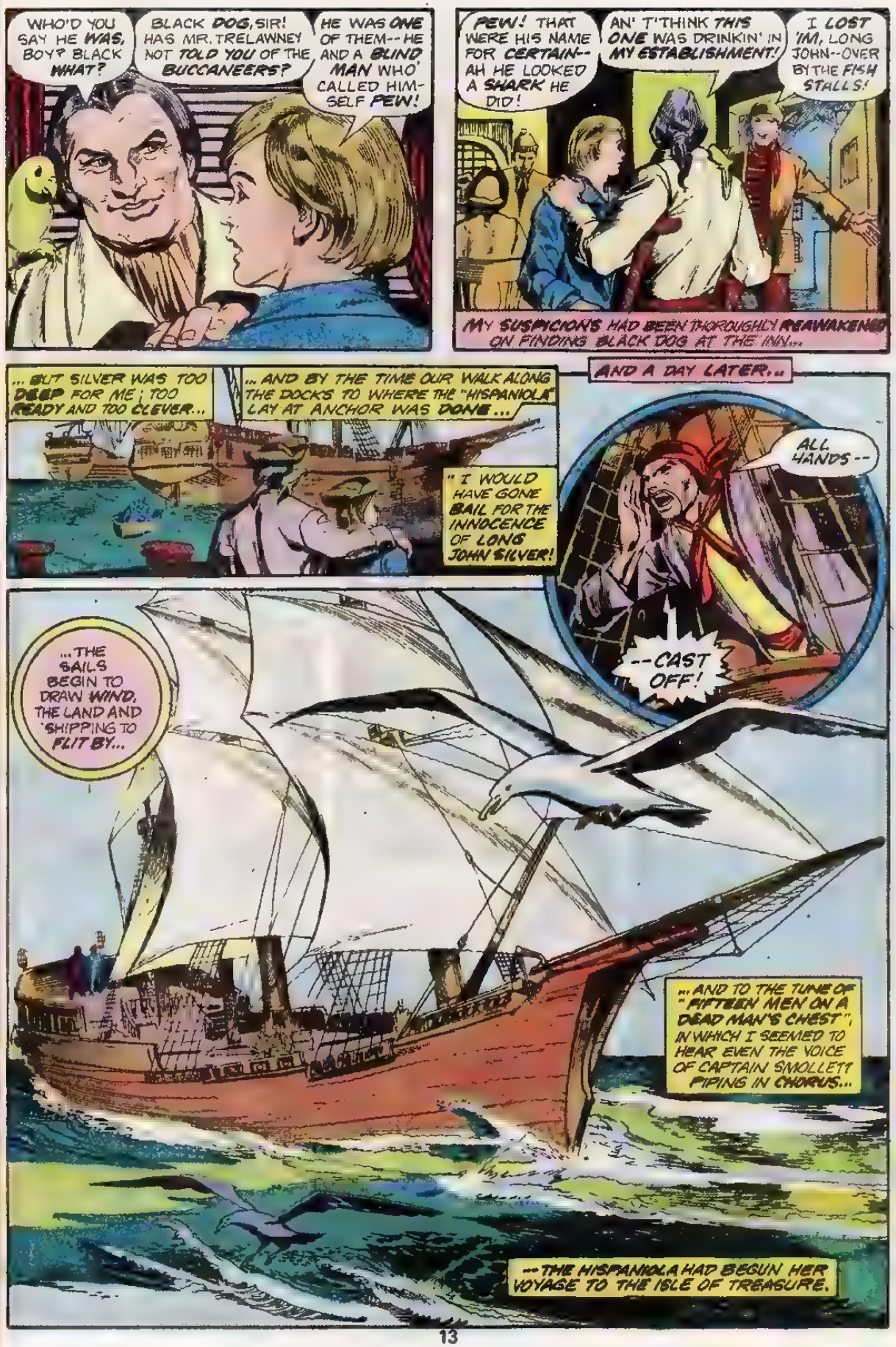

NOW, TO TELL THE TRUTH, FROM THE VERY FIRST MENTION OF MR SILVER I HAD TAKEN A FEAR TO MY MIND THAT HE MIGHT PROVE TO BE THE VERY ONE-LEGGED SAILOR FOR WHOM I HAD WATCHED SO LONG FOR THE "CAPTAIN"...


...BUT ONE LOOK AT THE MAN BEFORE ME WAS ENOUGH.
I HAD SEEN THE CAPTAIN, AND BLACK DOG, AND THE BLIND MAN, PEW-- AND I KNEW WHAT A BUCCANEER WAS LIKE.

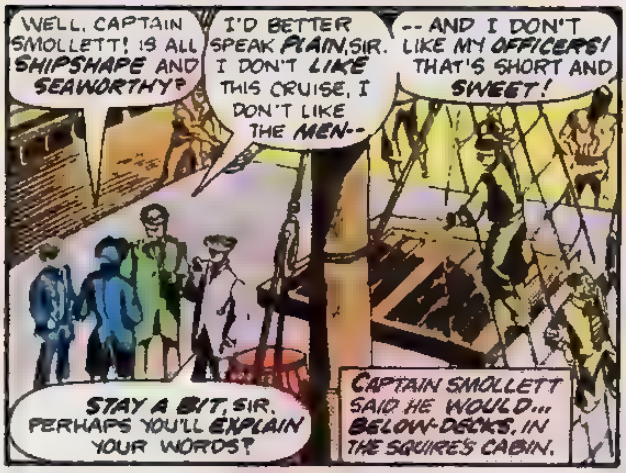
MR SILVER, SIR? I HAVE A NOTE FOR YOU --FROM SQUIRE TRELAWNEY
SILVER'S MY NAME TO BE SURE LAD!
AND YOU MUST BE THE NEW CABIN BOY... PLEASED I AM TO SEE YOU.
HE SAID THIS LAST QUITE LOUD, TAKING MY HAND IN HIS LARGE FIRM GRASP...

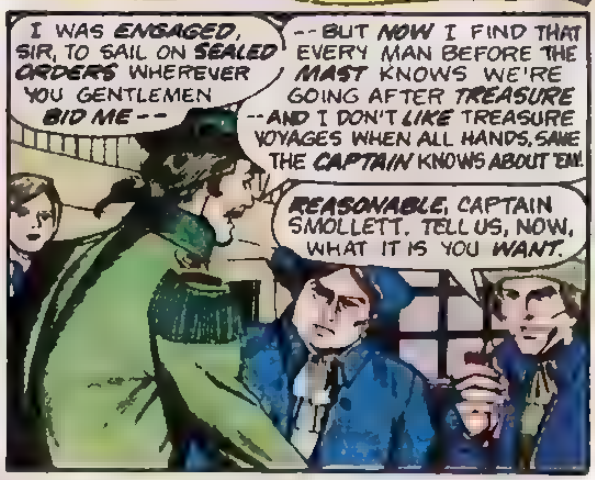


...AND I RECOGNIZED HIM AT A GLANCE.
OH! STOP HIM!
IT'S BLACK DOG!
EH? WHAT'S THAT?
I DON'T CARE TWO COPPERS WHO HE BE-- BUT HE HASN'T PAID HIS SCORE! HARRY!
RUN AN' CATCH 'IM!


WHO'D YOU SAY HE WAS, BOY? BLACK WHAT?
BLACK DOG, SIR! HAS MR. TRELAWNEY NOT TOLD YOU OF THE BUCCANEERS?
HE WAS ONE OF THEM -- HE AND A BLIND MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF PEW!
PEW! THAT WERE HIS NAME FOR CERTAIN -- AH HE LOOKED A SHARK HE DID!
AN' T'THINK THIS ONE WAS DRINKIN' IN MY ESTABLISHMENT!
I LOST 'IM, LONG JOHN -- OVER BY THE FISH STALLS!
MY SUSPICIONS HAD BEEN THOROUGHLY REAWAKENED ON FINDING BLACK DOG AT THE INN...
... BUT SILVER WAS TOO DEEP FOR ME; TOO READY AND TOO CLEVER...
... AND BY THE TIME OUR WALK ALONG THE DOCKS TO WHERE THE "HISPANIOLA" LAY AT ANCHOR WAS DONE...
" I WOULD HAVE GONE BAIL FOR THE INNOCENCE OF LONG JOHN SILVER!
AND A DAY LATER...
ALL HANDS --
-- CAST OFF!
...THE SAILS BEGIN TO DRAW WIND, THE LAND AND SHIPPING TO FLIT BY...
... AND TO THE TUNE OF "FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST", IN WHICH I SEEMED TO HEAR EVEN THE VOICE OF CAPTAIN SMOLLETT PIPING IN CHORUS...
-- THE HISPANIOLA HAD BEGUN HER VOYAGE TO THE ISLE OF TREASURE.

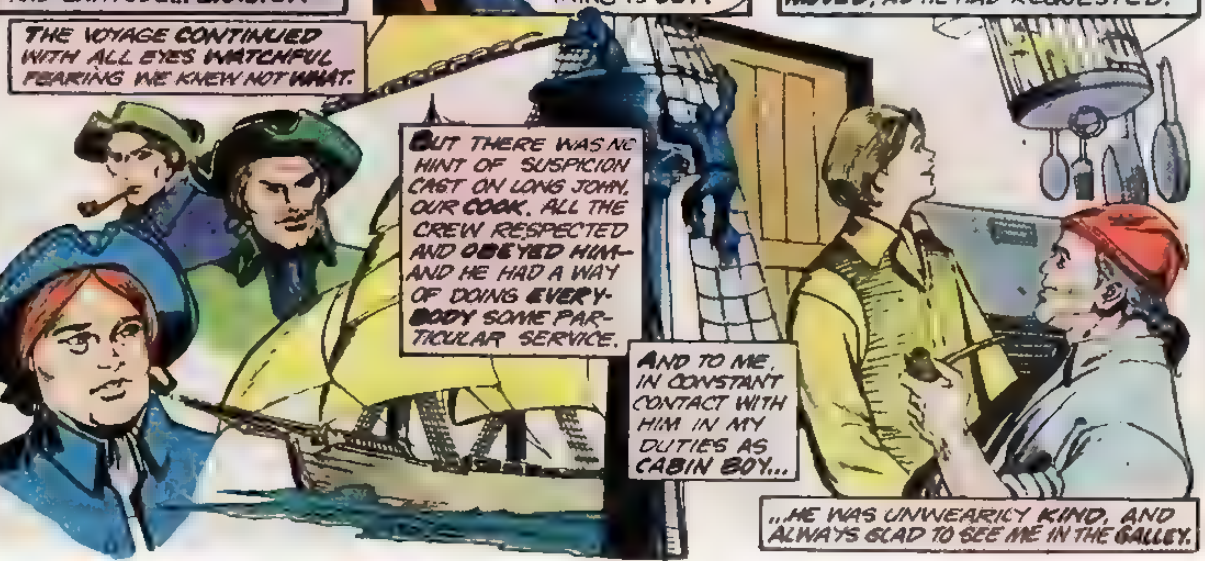
I am not going to relate the voyage in detail, save to say that the ship was a GOOD SHIP and the crew capable SEAMEN but before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things happened which require to be KNOWN.


WELL, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT! IS ALL SHIPSHAPE AND SEAWORTHY?
I'D BETTER SPEAK PLAIN, SIR. I DON'T LIKE THIS CRUISE, I DON'T LIKE THE MEN--
-- AND I DON'T LIKE MY OFFICERS! THAT'S SHORT AND SWEET!
STAY A BIT, SIR. PERHAPS YOU'LL EXPLAIN YOUR WORDS?
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT SAID HE WOULD... BELOW-DECKS, IN THE SQUIRE'S CABIN.


I WAS ENGAGED, SIR, TO SAIL ON SEALED ORDERS WHEREVER YOU GENTLEMEN BID ME --
-- BUT NOW I FIND THAT EVERY MAN BEFORE THE MAST KNOWS WE'RE GOING AFTER TREASURE -- AND I DON'T LIKE TREASURE VOYAGES WHEN ALL HANDS, SAVE THE CAPTAIN KNOWS ABOUT 'EM!
REASONABLE, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. TELL US, NOW, WHAT IT IS YOU WANT.

I WANT THE POWER AND ARMS STORED UNDER THE CABIN INSTEAD OF THE FORE-HOLD! THE LOOSE BABBLING MUST BE STOPPED
THE HANDS YOU SAY HAVE A MAP SHOWING THE ISLAND, THAT THERE'S CROSSES ON THE MAP TO SHOW WHERE THE TREASURE LIES--
--AND THE ISLAND LIES--
HE NAMED THE LONGITUDE AND LATITUDE... EXACTLY!

CAPTAIN -- YOU WISH TO MAKE A GARRISON OF THE STERN PART OF THE SHIP -- MANNED WITH OUR OWN PEOPLE --
--AND PROVIDED WITH ALL THE ARMS AND POWDER ON BOARD?
IN SHORT, SIR -- YOU FEAR A MUTINY!
THE CAPTAIN NODDED, AND TOOK HIS LEAVE... BUT THE POWDER WAS MOVED, AS HE HAD REQUESTED.


THE VOYAGE CONTINUED WITH ALL EYES WATCHFUL FEARING WE KNEW NOT WHAT.
BUT THERE WAS NO HINT OF SUSPICION CAST ON LONG JOHN, OUR COOK. ALL THE CREW RESPECTED AND OBEYED HIM -- AND HE HAD A WAY OF DOING EVERY-BODY SOME PAR-TICULAR SERVICE.
AND TO ME, IN CONSTANT CONTACT WITH HIM IN MY DUTIES AS CABIN BOY...
...HE WAS UNWEARIED KIND, AND ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE ME IN THE GALLEY.

We had run up the TRADES to get wind of the island — and now we were running down for it with a bright LOOK-OUT day and night. It was about the *last day* of our outward voyage, by our computations, that we would SIGHT Treasure Island.

NOW, JUST AFTER SUNDOWN, WHEN MY WORK WAS ALL OVER, IT OCCURRED TO ME I SHOULD LIKE AN APPLE

THERE WAS SCARCE ONE LEFT. BUT, CLIMBING INTO THE DARK OF THE BARREL, WHAT WITH THE SOUND OF THE WATERS AND THE ROCKING MOVEMENTS OF THE SHIP...

...I HAD EITHER FALLEN ASLEEP OR WAS ON THE POINT OF DOING SO, WHEN...

NOT I! FLINT WAS CAP'N; AND I WAS QUARTER-MASTER!

'TWAS THE SAME BROAD-SIDE COST ME MY LEG THAT ROBBED OLD PEW OF 'IS DEADLIGHTS!*

*EYES--EDITOR.

IT WAS SILVER'S VOICE, AND I WAS JUST ABOUT TO JUMP UP, WHEN SUDDENLY THE MEANING OF THE WORDS I'D CAUGHT CAME TO ME...

...AND I UNDER-STOOD THAT THE VERY LIVES OF ALL THE HONEST MEN ABOARD DEPENDED UPON ME ALONE.

THOSE DAYS FATTENED MY BANK ACCOUNT --OLD PEW RAN THROUGH HIS LIKE WATER AN' ENDED UP A' BEGGIN'--

--AN' THOSE OF FLINT'S MEN THAT WASN'T HUNG ARE ABOARD HERE NOW!

HERE IT IS, LAD, ABOUT GENTLEMEN O' FORTUNE-- THEY LIVES ROUGH, AND THEY RISK SWINGING--

--AN' WHAT THEY SAVES OFF A VOYAGE GOES FOR RUM AN' A GOOD FLING, AND TO SEA AGAIN IN THEIR SHIRTS!

I DIDN'T HALF LIKE THIS JOB TILL I HAD THIS TALK WITH YOU, SILVER. I'M AN-- HERE'S MY HAND ON IT!

SILVER GAVE A LOW WHISTLE AND THE PAIR WITHOUT THE BARREL WERE JOINED BY ISRAEL HANDS, THE COXSWAIN.

DICK HERE'S SQUARE, ISRAEL!

I KNOW'D HE WOULD BE JOHN--

--BUT HOW LONG ARE WE A-GOIN' TO STAND OFF? I SAY WE TAKE THE SHIP NOW!

CAP'N SMOLLETT'S A FIRST-RATE SEAMAN, LADS-- AND THERE'S NOT A ONE OF US WHAT CAN PLOT A COURSE!

I SAY LET HIM SAIL THE BLESSED SHIP FOR US-- AND LET THE DOC-TOR AN' THE SQUIRE DIG AND STOW THE TREASURE FOR US!

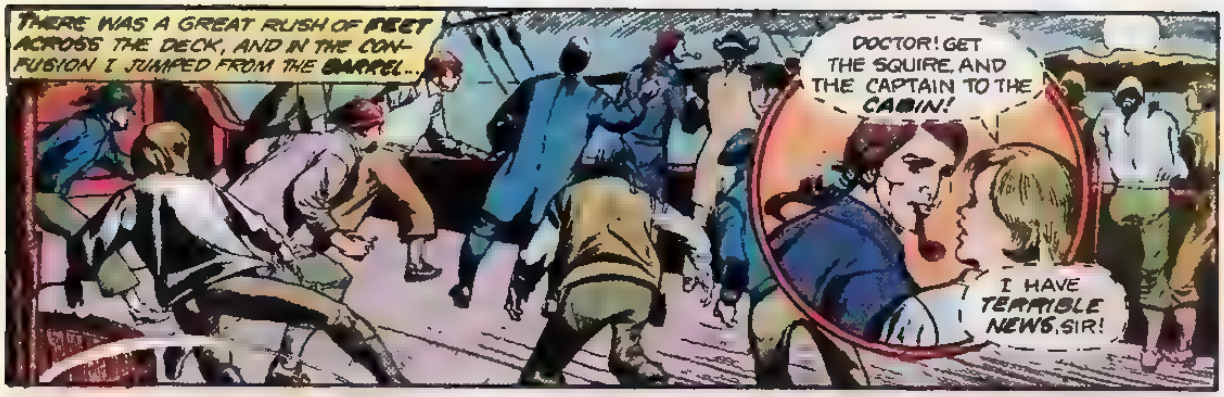
AND WHEN ALL'S ABOARD --I'LL VOTE DEATH TO 'EM ALL ALONG WI' YE!

I LAY TERRIFIED IN THE APPLE BARREL, NOT KNOWING HOW I'D GET OUT TO TELL MY FRIENDS WHAT I'D OVERHEARD, WHEN SUDDENLY...

DICK! SILVER!

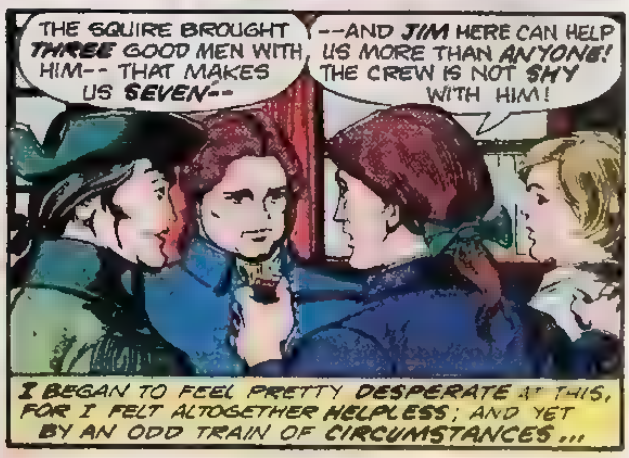
LAND HO!

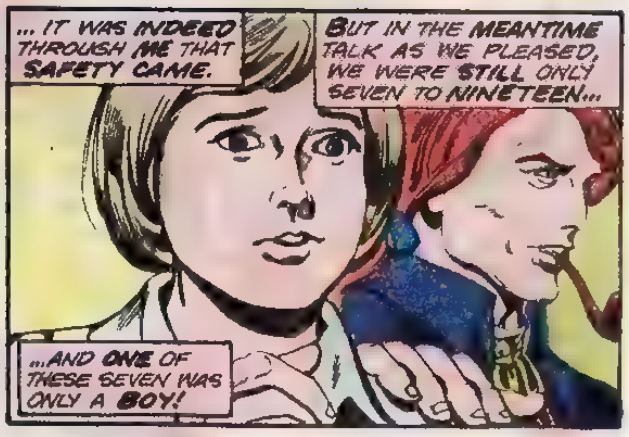
WE HAD REACHED TREASURE ISLAND!

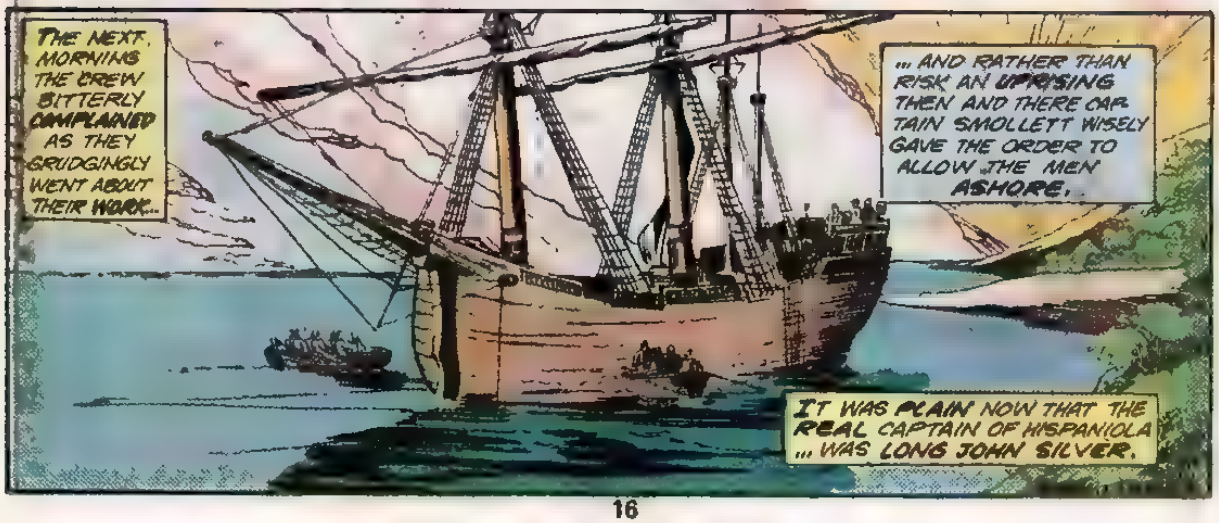

THERE WAS A GREAT RUSH OF FEET ACROSS THE DECK, AND IN THE CONFUSION I JUMPED FROM THE BARREL...
DOCTOR! GET THE SQUIRE AND THE CAPTAIN TO THE CABIN!
I HAVE TERRIBLE NEWS, SIR!

THE CAPTAIN ORDERED UP AN EXTRA RATION OF GROG FOR ALL HANDS, AND TO THE SOUND OF CUT-THROATS CHEERING OUR HEALTH... I TOLD WHAT I HAD OVERHEARD...
WELL -- IT'S COME, AS I KNEW IT MUST!
I WAS AN ASS, CAPTAIN. YOU WERE RIGHT -- AND I, WRONG! I AWAIT YOUR ORDERS, SIR!
SILVER HAS BEWITCHED US ALL, SQUIRE!

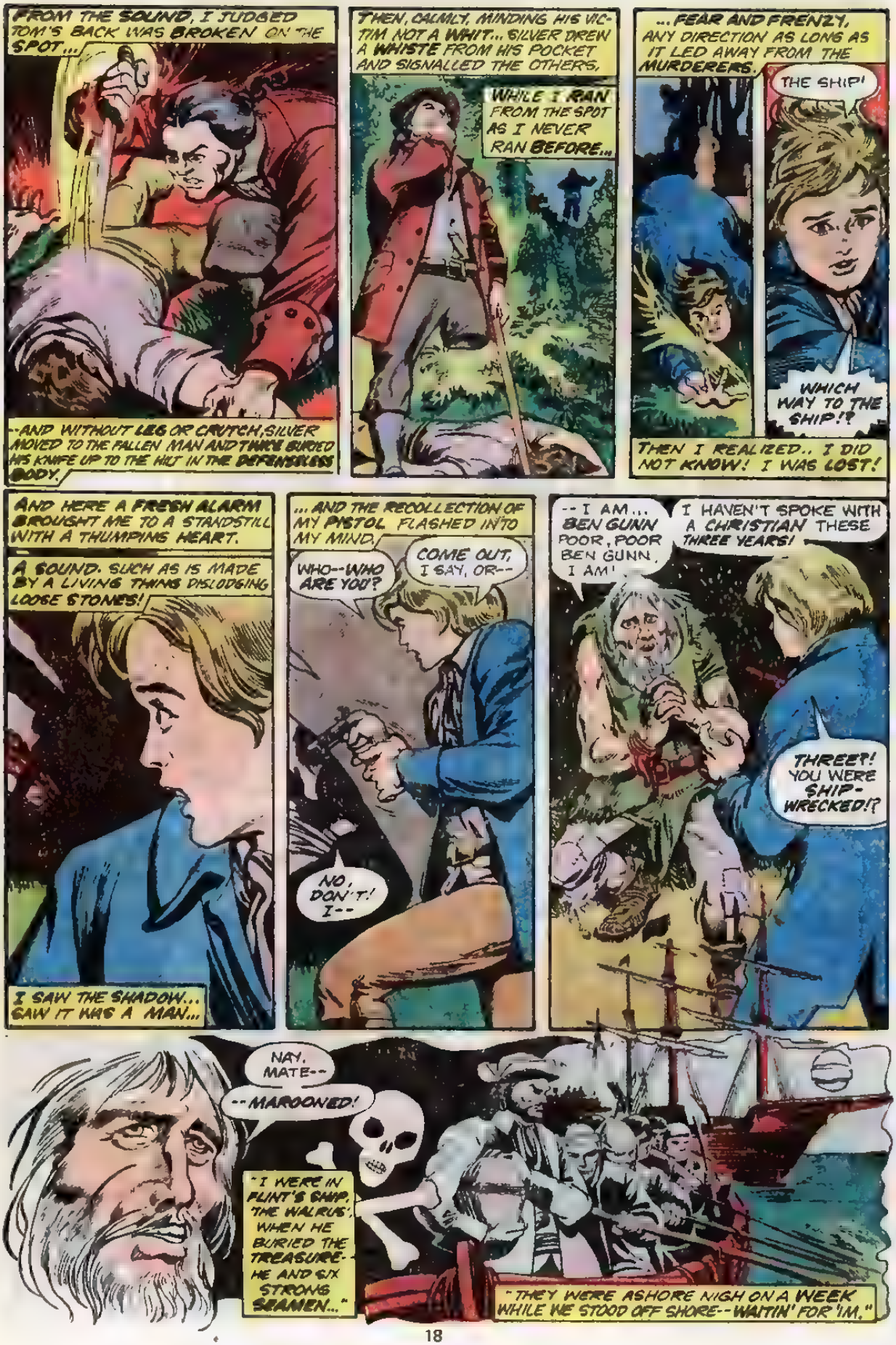
AYE, THAT HE HAS, DOCTOR -- BUT WE KNOW WE HAVE TILL THE TREASURE IS FOUND BEFORE THEY TURN ON US -- AND WE HAVE SOME FAITHFUL HANDS ON BOARD!
IT'S GOT TO COME TO BLOWS SOONER OR LATER -- AND I SUGGEST THAT IT'S US WHO STRIKES FIRST!


THE SQUIRE BROUGHT THREE GOOD MEN WITH HIM -- THAT MAKES US SEVEN --
--AND JIM HERE CAN HELP US MORE THAN ANYONE! THE CREW IS NOT SHY WITH HIM!
I BEGAN TO FEEL PRETTY DESPERATE AT THIS, FOR I FELT ALTOGETHER HELPLESS; AND YET BY AN ODD TRAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES...


...IT WAS INDEED THROUGH ME THAT SAFETY CAME.
BUT IN THE MEANTIME TALK AS WE PLEASED, WE WERE STILL ONLY SEVEN TO NINETEEN...
...AND ONE OF THESE SEVEN WAS ONLY A BOY!


THE NEXT MORNING THE CREW BITTERLY COMPLAINED AS THEY GRUDGINGLY WENT ABOUT THEIR WORK...
...AND RATHER THAN RISK AN UPRISING THEN AND THERE CAPTAIN SMOLLETT WISELY GAVE THE ORDER TO ALLOW THE MEN ASHORE.
IT WAS PLAIN NOW THAT THE REAL CAPTAIN OF HISPANIOLA ...WAS LONG JOHN SILVER.

THE CREW LOST NO TIME IN MANNING THE BOATS, AND I JUMPED IN THE BOAT THAT DIDN'T CONTAIN JOHN SILVER JUST AS IT SHOVED OFF...
IS THAT JIM WI' YE, LADS?
... AND FROM THAT MOMENT I BEGAN TO REGRET WHAT I HAD DONE. THE CREWS RACED FOR THE BEACH.
... BUT THE BOAT I WAS IN, HAVING SOME START, SHOT FAR AHEAD...
...AND I DASHED FOR THE NEAREST THICKET AND PLUNGED IN WHILE SILVER AND THE REST WERE STILL A HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND.
JIM! JIM!
PRAYING NO NEED I RAN ON INTO A MARSH, PLEASED AT HAVING GIVEN THE SLIP TO LONG JOHN BUT IT WAS SOON ENOUGH THAT I HEARD..
VOICES! SILVER'S...AND ANOTHER'S!
IF I AM TO REPORT BACK TO THE OTHERS --I MUST HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING!
MATE, IT'S BECAUSE I THINK GOLD DUST OF YOU THAT I'M A-WARNIN' YE! RISKIN' ALL, YE MAY BELIEVE, TO SAVE YOUR NECK!
ALL'S UP, TOM-- YOU CAN'T MAKE NOR MEND--AND I'M ASKIN' YE TO JOIN!
I HAD FOUND ONE OF THE HONEST HANDS...IN TIME TO HEAR SILVER'S EFFORTS TO CORRUPT HIM.
SILVER, YOU'RE OLD AN' YOU'RE HONEST--
--BUT I'D SOONER LOSE MY ARM THAN BE LED AWAY BY THAT MESS O' SWABS! I'LL NOT TURN AGIN MY DOOTY!
SUDDENLY, FAR AWAY OUT IN THE MARSH, THERE ROSE A CRY OF ANGER... AND THEN ONE HORRID, LONG-DRAWN SCREAM.
JOHN! IN HEAVEN'S NAME-- WHAT WAS THAT?
OH, I RECKON THAT'LL BE ...ALAN.
ALAN! THEN REST HIS SOUL FOR A TRUE SEA-MAN! YOU'VE KILLED ALAN LIKE A DOG--
--AN' YOU CAN KILL ME TOO, IF YE CAN! BUT I DEFIES YOU!
HAVING SPOKE, THE BRAVE FELLOW TURNED HIS BACK ON THE COOK AND SET OFF FOR THE BEACH...
...BUT HE WAS NOT DESTINED TO GO FAR WITH A CRY, JOHN SEIZED THE BRANCH, WHIPPED THE CRUTCH OUT FROM HIS ARMPIT...
WAK!
...AND SENT THAT UNCOUTH MISSLE HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR.


FROM THE SOUND, I JUDGED TOM'S BACK WAS BROKEN ON THE SPOT...
--AND WITHOUT LEG OR CRUTCH, SILVER MOVED TO THE FALLEN MAN AND TWICE BURIED HIS KNIFE UP TO THE HILT IN THE DEFENSELESS BODY.
THEN, CALMLY, MINDING HIS VICTIM NOT A WHIT... SILVER DREW A WHISTE FROM HIS POCKET AND SIGNALLED THE OTHERS,
WHILE I RAN FROM THE SPOT AS I NEVER RAN BEFORE...
...FEAR AND FRENZY, ANY DIRECTION AS LONG AS IT LED AWAY FROM THE MURDERERS.
THE SHIP!
WHICH WAY TO THE SHIP!?
THEN I REALIZED.. I DID NOT KNOW! I WAS LOST!
AND HERE A FRESH ALARM BROUGHT ME TO A STANDSTILL WITH A THUMPING HEART.
A SOUND. SUCH AS IS MADE BY A LIVING THING DISLODGING LOOSE STONES!
I SAW THE SHADOW... SAW IT WAS A MAN...
...AND THE RECOLLECTION OF MY PISTOL FLASHED INTO MY MIND.
WHO--WHO ARE YOU?
COME OUT, I SAY, OR--
NO, DON'T! I--
--I AM... BEN GUNN POOR, POOR BEN GUNN, I AM!
I HAVEN'T SPOKE WITH A CHRISTIAN THESE THREE YEARS!
THREE?! YOU WERE SHIP-WRECKED!?
NAY, MATE--
--MAROONED!
"I WERE IN FLINT'S SHIP, THE WALRUS', WHEN HE BURIED THE TREASURE-- HE AND SIX STRONG SEAMEN..."
"THEY WERE ASHORE NIGH ON A WEEK WHILE WE STOOD OFF SHORE--WAITIN' FOR 'IM."

"THERE MUSTHA' BEEN A BATTLE LAD--MURDER AND SUDDEN DEATH--FLINT AGAINST SIX!

"ONE FINE DAY FLINT RETURNED BY HIMSELF -- MORTAL WHITE HE WAS, MIND YE -BUT ALIVE--

"--AND THE SIX ALL DEAD AN' BURIED!"

"BILLY BONES WAS A MATE, THEN; LONG JOHN, HE WAS QUARTERMASTER..."

WHERE'D YOU LAY THE STUFF, FLINT?

YOU CAN GO ASHORE AN' STAY IF YOU LIKE--

-- BUT THIS SHIP'S GOIN' OUT FOR MORE!

WELL, I WAS IN ANOTHER SHIP THREE YEARS BACK --AND WE SIGHTED THIS ISLAND!

"BOYS," SAID I, "HERE'S FLINT'S TREASURE--LET'S LAND AND FIND IT!"

WE LOOKED FOR TWELVE DAYS WI' NO LUCK, AN' THEN, SAYS THEY--

--HERE'S A MUSKET, A SPADE, AND A PICKAXE, BEN GUNN--YOU CAN STAY HERE AND FIND THE TREASURE BY YOURSELF!

THEY--THEY LEFT YOU HERE? ALONE?

AYE, LAD--BUT TELL ME TRUE... THAT'S NOT FLINT'S SHIP YONDER?

T'S NOT, AND FLINT 'S DEAD--

--BUT SOME OF FLINT'S MEN ARE ABOARD HER, WORSE LUCK FOR THE REST OF US!

I TOLD HIM, THEN, ABOUT THE VOYAGE...

SO SILVER'S ABOARD! WELL--IF IT WAS HE WHO SENT YOU, I'M AS GOOD AS PORK...

BUT I THINK YOU'VE BEEN OPEN WITH ME! GO BACK AND TELL YOUR SQUIRE THAT BENN GUNN'S WITH YE --THAT I'M NOT A BUCCANEER--

--AN' ALL I WANTS IS A GUARANTEE OF PASSAGE HOME--AND SOME CHRISTIAN FOOD!

BEN GUNN'LL HELP YE LAD--

--FOR BENN GUNN'S RICH, HE IS! RICH!!

I HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO SUSPECT THAT THE POOR FELLOW HAD GONE CRAZY IN HIS SOLITUDE...

... WHEN THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS AND THE BELLOW OF CANNON DROVE BEN GUNN FROM MY MIND!

THEY'VE BEGUN TO FIGHT!

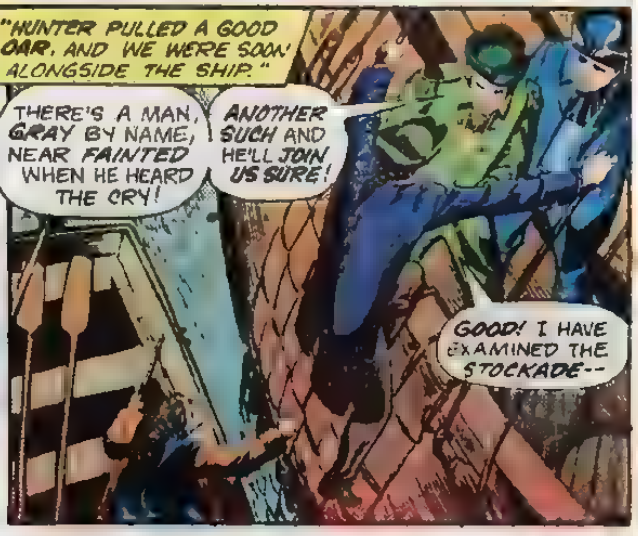
KEEP TO YOUR LEFT, MATE--AN' YE'LL FIND 'EM!

BUWOOM

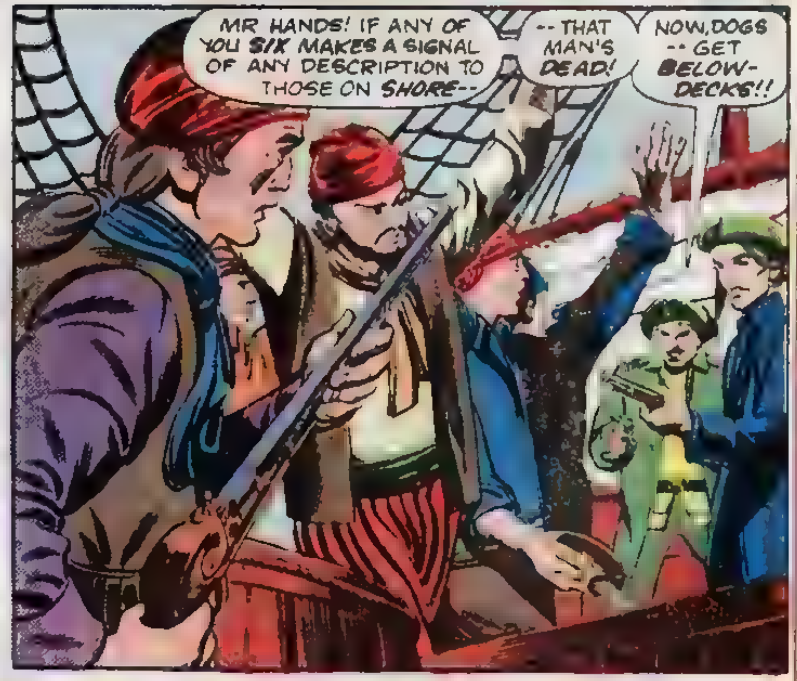
AGAIN I RAN THROUGH THE MARSH, FOLLOWING THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE... AND THEN, NOT A QUARTER OF A MILE IN FRONT OF ME...

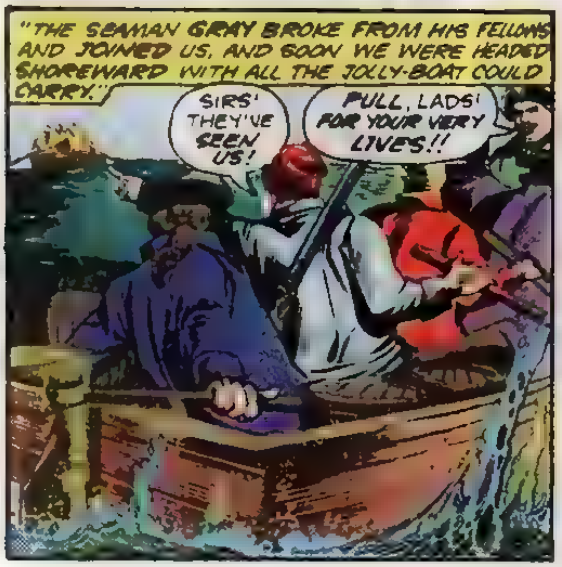
...I BEHELD THE UNION JACK FLUTTERING IN THE AIR ABOVE... A STOCKADE!

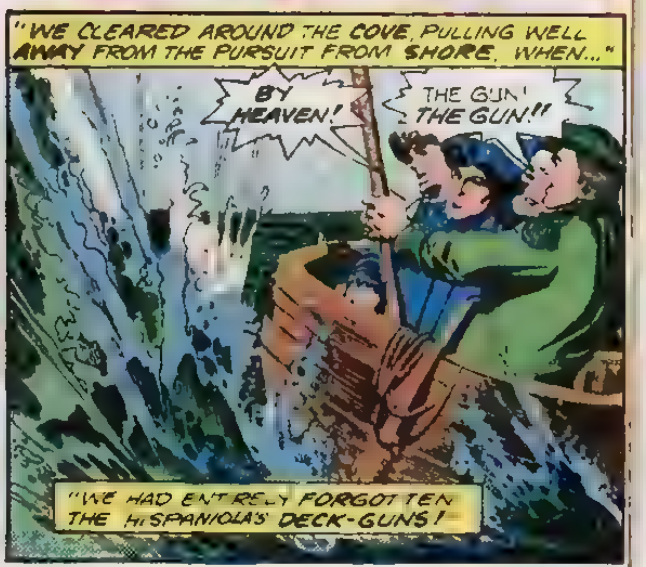
PUSH OFF, HUNTER! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!
IF WE'RE NOT TOO LATE ALREADY DOCTOR!
I HEARD THE CRY!


"HUNTER PULLED A GOOD OAR, AND WE WERE SOON ALONGSIDE THE SHIP."
THERE'S A MAN, GRAY BY NAME, NEAR FAINTED WHEN HE HEARD THE CRY!
ANOTHER SUCH AND HE'LL JOIN US SURE!
GOOD! I HAVE EXAMINED THE STOCKADE--

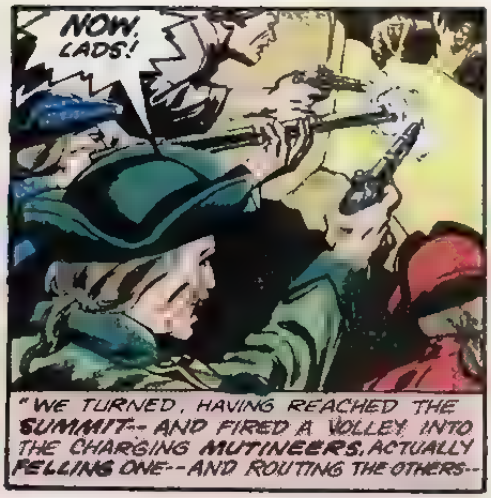
--AND I THINK IT FINE FOR US! FRESH WATER--
--SOLIDLY BUILT! IT IS A FORTRESS THAT WOULD BE HARD TO TAKE!
THEN WE MUST GET WHAT ARMS AND PROVISIONS THAT WE CAN BEFORE THE FIGHT BEGINS!


MR HANDS! IF ANY OF YOU SIX MAKES A SIGNAL OF ANY DESCRIPTION TO THOSE ON SHORE--
-- THAT MAN'S DEAD!
NOW, DOGS -- GET BELOW-DECKS!!


"THE SEAMAN GRAY BROKE FROM HIS FELLOWS AND JOINED US, AND SOON WE WERE HEADED SHOREWARD WITH ALL THE JOLLY-BOAT COULD CARRY."
SIRS! THEY'VE SEEN US!
PULL, LADS! FOR YOUR VERY LIVES!!

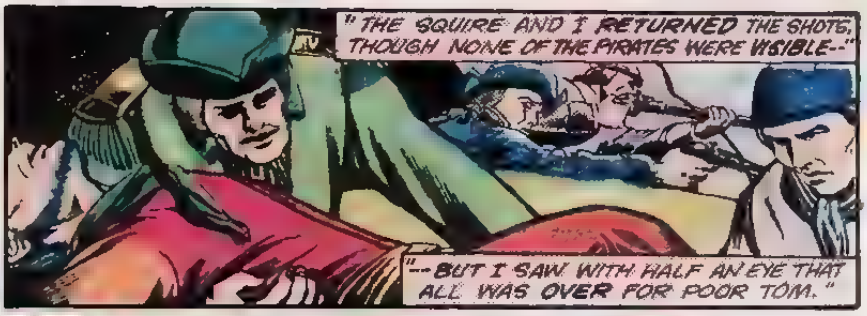

"WE CLEARED AROUND THE COVE, PULLING WELL AWAY FROM THE PURSUIT FROM SHORE. WHEN..."
BY HEAVEN!
THE GUN! THE GUN!!
"WE HAD ENTIRELY FORGOTTEN THE HISPANIOLA'S DECK-GUNS!"

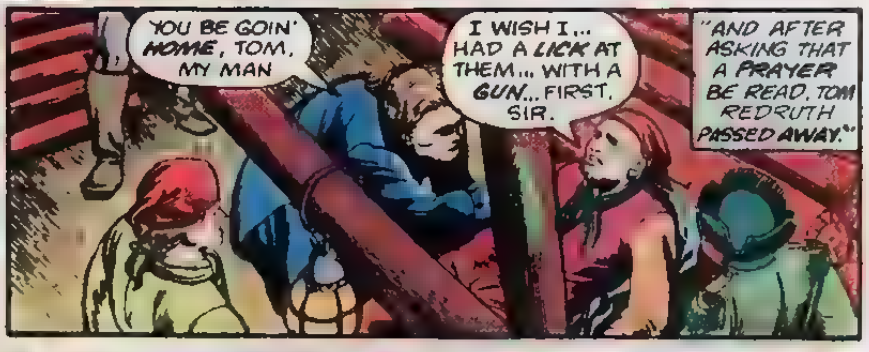
ISRAEL HANDS WAS FLINT'S GUNNER!
GENTLEMEN! WHO'S THE BEST SHOT AMONGST US!
THE SQUIRE, OUT AND AWAY!
"TRELAWNEY WAS AS COOL AS STEEL."
TRY FOR HANDS, SQUIRE!
"BUT HE HAD NO LUCK, FOR HANDS STOOPED JUST AS HE FIRED...
AAIEEE
"...AND IT WAS ONE OF THE OTHER FOUR THAT FELL..."
GIVE WAY, LADS! PULL!
IF WE CAN'T GET ASHORE --ALL'S UP!!
THEY'RE FIRING AGAIN!
"WE HEARD THE SHOT AS THE BALL LEFT THE GUN--"
"--AND WITH A GREAT HEAVE THE JOLLY-BOAT WAS SWAMPED!"
WADE ASHORE! QUICKLY!


NOW, LADS!
"WE TURNED, HAVING REACHED THE SUMMIT-- AND FIRED A VOLLEY INTO THE CHARGING MUTINEERS, ACTUALLY FELLING ONE--AND ROUTING THE OTHERS--

--BUT NO SOONER HAD WE BEGUN TO REJOICE AT OUR SUCCESS THAN A PISTOL CRACKED IN THE BUSH--"

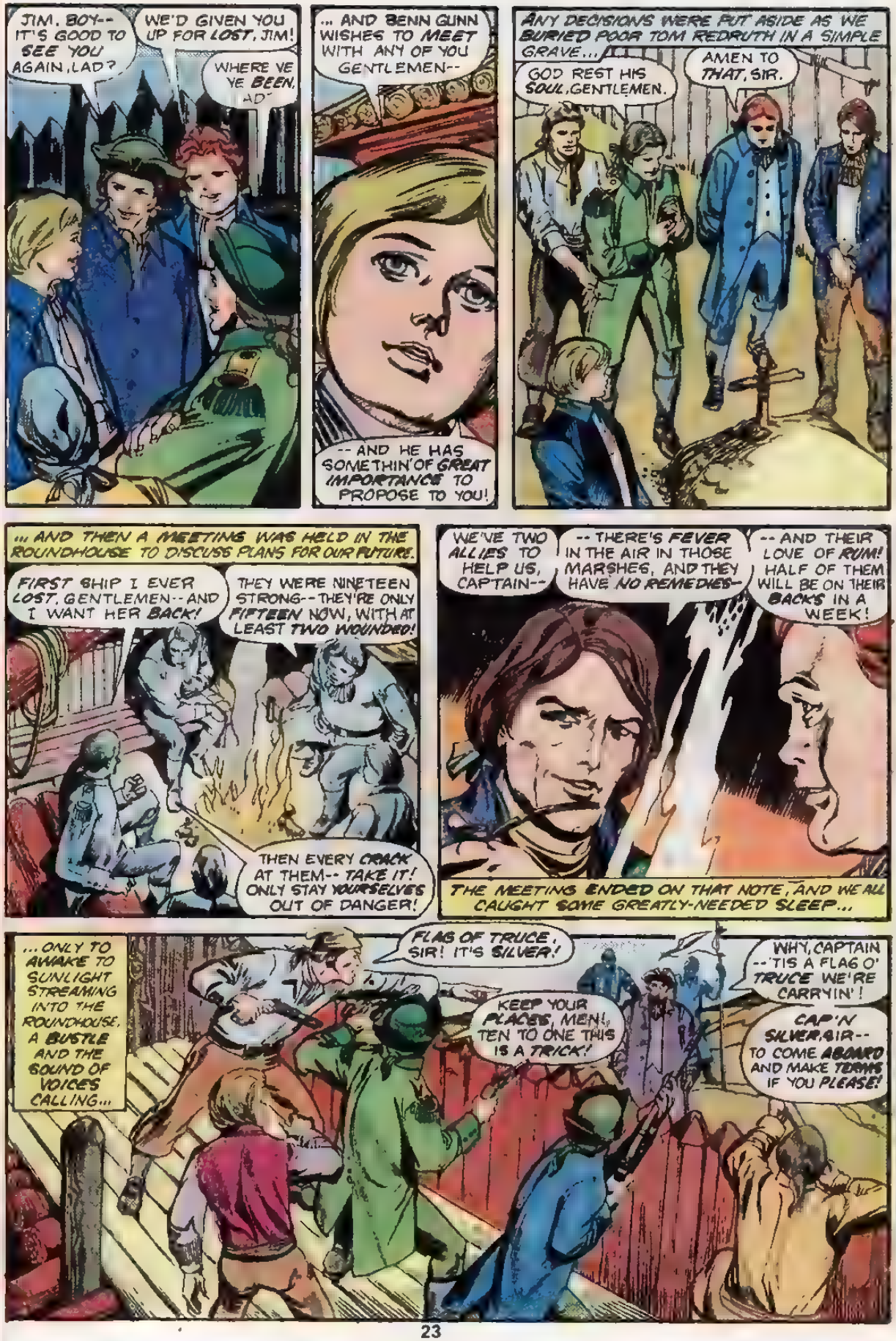
"-- AND POOR TOM REDRUTH STUMBLED AND FELL HIS LENGTH ON THE GROUND!"


"THE SQUIRE AND I RETURNED THE SHOTS, THOUGH NONE OF THE PIRATES WERE VISIBLE--"
"--BUT I SAW WITH HALF AN EYE THAT ALL WAS OVER FOR POOR TOM."


YOU BE GOIN' HOME, TOM, MY MAN
I WISH I... HAD A LICK AT THEM... WITH A GUN... FIRST, SIR.
"AND AFTER ASKING THAT A PRAYER BE READ, TOM REDRUTH PASSED AWAY."

"CAPTAIN SMOLLET HAD BROUGHT A VARIETY OF THINGS FROM THE SHIP IN THE LARGE POCKETS OF HIS SEA-COAT.
"A BIBLE, A COIL OF ROPE PEN AND INK... AND THE BRITISH COLORS.

"THEN CLIMBING ON THE ROOF HE BENT AND RAN UP THE COLORS
"IT SEEMED TO RELIEVE HIM MIGHTILY, AND HE RE-ENTERED THE ROUNDHOUSE AND BEGAN COUNTING UP THE STORES IF NOTHING ELSE EXISTED.


JIM, BOY-- IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, LAD?
WE'D GIVEN YOU UP FOR LOST, JIM!
WHERE VE VE BEEN, AD?
... AND BENN GUNN WISHES TO MEET WITH ANY OF YOU GENTLEMEN--
-- AND HE HAS SOMETHIN' OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO PROPOSE TO YOU!
ANY DECISIONS WERE PUT ASIDE AS WE BURIED POOR TOM REDRUTH IN A SIMPLE GRAVE...
GOD REST HIS SOUL, GENTLEMEN.
AMEN TO THAT, SIR.
... AND THEN A MEETING WAS HELD IN THE ROUNDHOUSE TO DISCUSS PLANS FOR OUR FUTURE.
FIRST SHIP I EVER LOST, GENTLEMEN-- AND I WANT HER BACK!
THEY WERE NINETEEN STRONG-- THEY'RE ONLY FIFTEEN NOW, WITH AT LEAST TWO WOUNDED!
THEN EVERY CRACK AT THEM-- TAKE IT! ONLY STAY YOURSELVES OUT OF DANGER!
WE'VE TWO ALLIES TO HELP US, CAPTAIN--
-- THERE'S FEVER IN THE AIR IN THOSE MARSHES, AND THEY HAVE NO REMEDIES--
-- AND THEIR LOVE OF RUM! HALF OF THEM WILL BE ON THEIR BACKS IN A WEEK!
THE MEETING ENDED ON THAT NOTE, AND WE ALL CAUGHT SOME GREATLY-NEEDED SLEEP...
... ONLY TO AWAKE TO SUNLIGHT STREAMING INTO THE ROUNDHOUSE, A BUSTLE AND THE SOUND OF VOICES CALLING...
FLAG OF TRUCE, SIR! IT'S SILVER!
KEEP YOUR PLACES, MEN!, TEN TO ONE THIS IS A TRICK!
WHY, CAPTAIN -- 'TIS A FLAG O' TRUCE WE'RE CARRYIN'!
CAP'N SILVER, SIR-- TO COME ABOARD AND MAKE TERMS IF YOU PLEASE!

CAP'N SILVER? DON'T KNOW HIM. WHO'S ME?
ME, SIR. THE LADS'VE CHOSEN ME CAP'N--AFTER YOUR... DESERTION, SIR--
--BUT WE'RE WILLIN' TO SUBMIT TO TERMS! ALL I ASK IS YOUR WORD, CAP'N, TO LET ME IN SAFE AN' SOUND --AN' THEN OUT AGAIN!
MY MAN, I HAVE NOT THE SLIGHTEST DESIRE TO TALK TO YOU--BUT IF YOU WISH TO TALK, YOU CAN COME.
THAT'S ALL I'LL PROMISE -- FOR IF THERE'S TREACHERY IT'LL BE ON YOUR SIDE--AND THE LORD HELP YOU!
THAT'S ENOUGH, CAP'N! A WORD FROM YOU IS ENOUGH FOR ME!
WITH GREAT VIGOR AND SKILL, SILVER SUCCEEDED IN SURMOUNTING THE LOG-WALL AND DROPPED SAFELY TO OUR SIDE...
... BUT HE HAD TERRIBLE HARD WORK GETTING UP THE SANDY KNOLL TO THE ROUNDHOUSE, HIS CRUTCH SINKING AND SLIPPING IN THE SOFT SAND.
COME, MY MAN YOU HAD BETTER SIT DOWN HERE!
YOU AIN'T A-GOIN' T'LET ME INSIDE, CAP'N?
IT'S A MAIN COLD MORNING, SIR, TO SIT OUTSIDE UPON THE SAND!
WHY, SILVER, IF YOU HAD PLEASED TO BE AN HONEST MAN YOU MIGHT STILL BE SITTING IN MY GALLEY!
YOU'RE EITHER MY SHIP'S COOK--AND THEN YOU WERE TREATED HANDSOME--
--OR, YOU'RE CAP'N SILVER -- A COMMON MUTINEER--AND THEN YOU CAN GO HANG!
AH, CAP'N --I GUESS I WILL SIT OUT HERE AFTER ALL.
HERE IT IS, CAP'N--WE WANT THAT TREASURE, AN WE'LL HAVE IT! YOU'D JUST AS SOON SAVE YOUR LIVES, I RECKON!
GIVE US THE CHART--AND STOP SHOOTING AT US POOR SEAMAN--AND WE'LL OFFER YOU A CHOICE!
YOU CAN STAY HERE, SAFE--OR GO ABOARD, SAFE--AND WE'LL DROP YE WHERE YE CHOOSE... SHORT OF ENGLAND, O'COURSE!
IS THAT ALL?
SILVER NODDED. AND THEN THE CAPTAIN OFFERED HIS TERMS...
IF YOU'LL COME UP--ONE BY ONE, UNARMED--I'LL CLAP YOU ALL IN IRONS AND TAKE YOU BACK FOR A FAIR TRIAL!
IF YOU WON'T--THEN I'LL SEE YOU ALL IN DAVY JONES!
THESE ARE THE LAST GOOD WORDS YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME, SIR--FOR WHEN NEXT I SEE YOU I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOUR BACK! NOW GET OUT AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

GIVE ME A HAND UP CAP'N!
NOT I!
WHO'LL GIVE ME A HAND UP?
NOT A MAN AMONG US MOVED.
LAUGH! GO ON!
BEFORE AN HOUR'S OUT I'LL STOVE IN YOUR OLD BLOCK-HOUSE LIKE A RUM PUNCHEON!
LAUGH, BY THUNDER! YE'LL LAUGH UPON THE OTHER SIDE-- AN' THEM THAT DIE'LL BE THE LUCKY ONES!
AND WITH THAT DREADFUL OATH HE STUMBLED OFF AND WAS HOISTED OVER THE STOCKADE BY THE MAN WITH THE FLAG.
MY LADS, I'VE GIVEN SILVER A BROADSIDE ON PURPOSE, AND BEFORE THE HOUR'S OUT I AM SURE WE SHALL BE BOARDED!
WE'RE OUTNUMBERED -- BUT WE CAN DRUB THEM IF WE TRY!
WE ALL TOOK OUR PLACES WITHIN THE ROUND-HOUSE, A MAN AT EACH PORT AND THE CUTLASSES RANGED ALONG THE WALL BETWEEN US.
I MISSED HIM!
THEY'RE ATTACKING FROM ALL SIDES!
AIM AND SHOOT CLEAR, LADS! HAWKINS'LL RELOAD!
SUDDENLY THEY WERE ON US, SWARMING OVER THE STOCKADE WALL LIKE MONKEYS.
AT 'EM, LAD'S-- THE SWAG'S AS GOOD AS OURS!

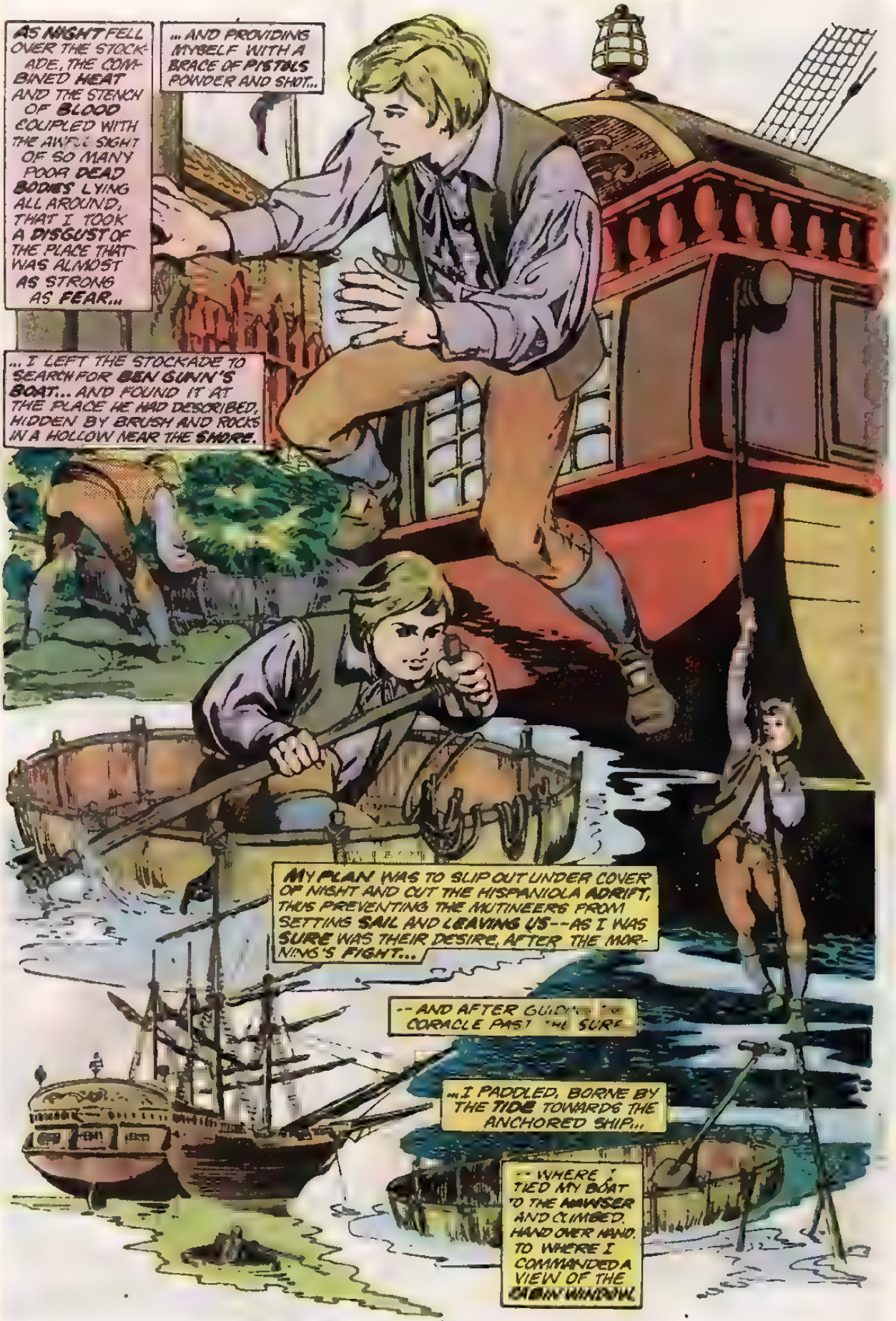
THE SQUIRE AND GRAY FIRED AGAIN AND YET AGAIN...
...BUT WITH A FEARFUL CRY THE MUTINEERS CAME ON.

AND THEN THEY WERE IN THE BLOCKHOUSE ONE OF THE PIRATES WRENCHED HUNTER'S MUSKET FROM HIM AND ... SENSELESS IN...
OUT, LADS--OUT AND FIGHT 'EM IN THE OPEN
CUTLASSES!

ROUND THE HOUSE LADS!
I TURNED IN TIME TO SEE JOB ANDERSON BEARING DOWN ON ME HIS SWORD FLASHING IN THE SUNLIGHT...

...AND I STUMBLED AND RAN HEADLONG DOWN THE SLOPE

BY THE TIME I FOUND MY FOOTING AGAIN, THE FIGHT WAS OVER AND THE VICTORY OURS.
WE HAD BROUGHT DOWN FIVE OF THE MUTINEERS BUT ON OUR SIDE, THE CAPTAIN WAS WOUNDED, AND JOYCE AND HUNTER KILLED.


AS NIGHT FELL OVER THE STOCKADE, THE COMBINED HEAT AND THE STENCH OF BLOOD COUPLED WITH THE AWFUL SIGHT OF SO MANY POOR DEAD BODIES LYING ALL AROUND, THAT I TOOK A DISGUST OF THE PLACE THAT WAS ALMOST AS STRONG AS FEAR...
... AND PROVIDING MYSELF WITH A BRACE OF PISTOLS POWDER AND SHOT...
... I LEFT THE STOCKADE TO SEARCH FOR BEN GUNN'S BOAT... AND FOUND IT AT THE PLACE HE HAD DESCRIBED, HIDDEN BY BRUSH AND ROCKS IN A HOLLOW NEAR THE SHORE.
MY PLAN WAS TO SLIP OUT UNDER COVER OF NIGHT AND CUT THE HISPANIOLA ADRIFT, THUS PREVENTING THE MUTINEERS FROM SETTING SAIL AND LEAVING US--AS I WAS SURE WAS THEIR DESIRE, AFTER THE MORNING'S FIGHT...
-- AND AFTER GUIDING THE CORACLE PAST THE SURF
...I PADDLED, BORNE BY THE TIDE TOWARDS THE ANCHORED SHIP...
-- WHERE I TIED MY BOAT TO THE ANWSER AND CLIMBED, HAND OVER HAND, TO WHERE I COMMANDED A VIEW OF THE CABIN WINDOW.

I COULD NOT UNDERSTAND WHY AN ALARM HAD NOT BEEN RAISED BY THOSE LEFT ABOARD AS THE WATCH...

...UNTIL I DREW MYSELF UP TO LOOK INTO THE CABIN WINDOW.

ISREAL HANDS, AND ANOTHER.

THE WATCH IS FIGHTING AMONGST ITSELF!

I HAD CUT THE HAWSER LINE, SETTING THE SHIP ADRIFT, AND THE WATCH AWOKE TO THE ALARM AS I RETURNED AND HID IN THE BOTTOM OF MY LITTLE BOAT

SHE'S ADRIFT, ISRAEL!

...WHICH, STILL TIED TO THE SCHOONER, SWEPT ALONG IN HER WAKE THROUGH THE NIGHT.

I MUST HAVE LAIN FOR HOURS, CONTINUALLY BEATEN TO AND FRO UPON THE BILLOWS...

...UNTIL WEARINESS AT LAST OVERTOOK ME AND I LAY IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CORACLE AND DREAMT OF HOME AND THE OLD "ADMIRAL BENBOW."

IT WAS BROAD DAY WHEN I AWOKE.

CLUMSY FELLOWS! THEY MUST STILL BE DRUNK AS OWLS!

OR... PERHAPS THEY'VE DESERTED HER! IT APPEARS AS IF NO ONE IS STEERING!

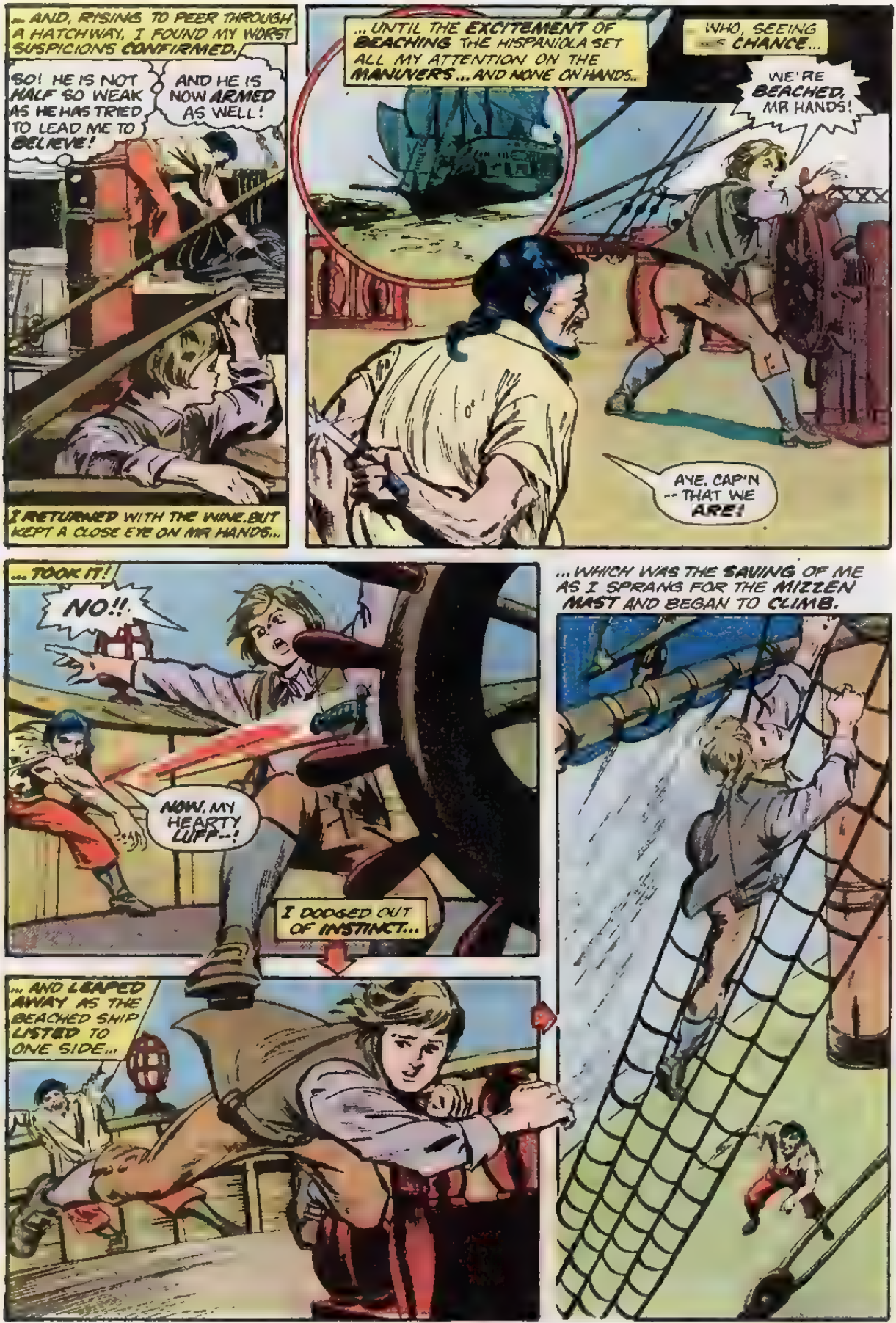
UNDER A FULL SAIL, THE HISPANIOLA SWOOPED AIMLESSLY OVER THE WAVES..

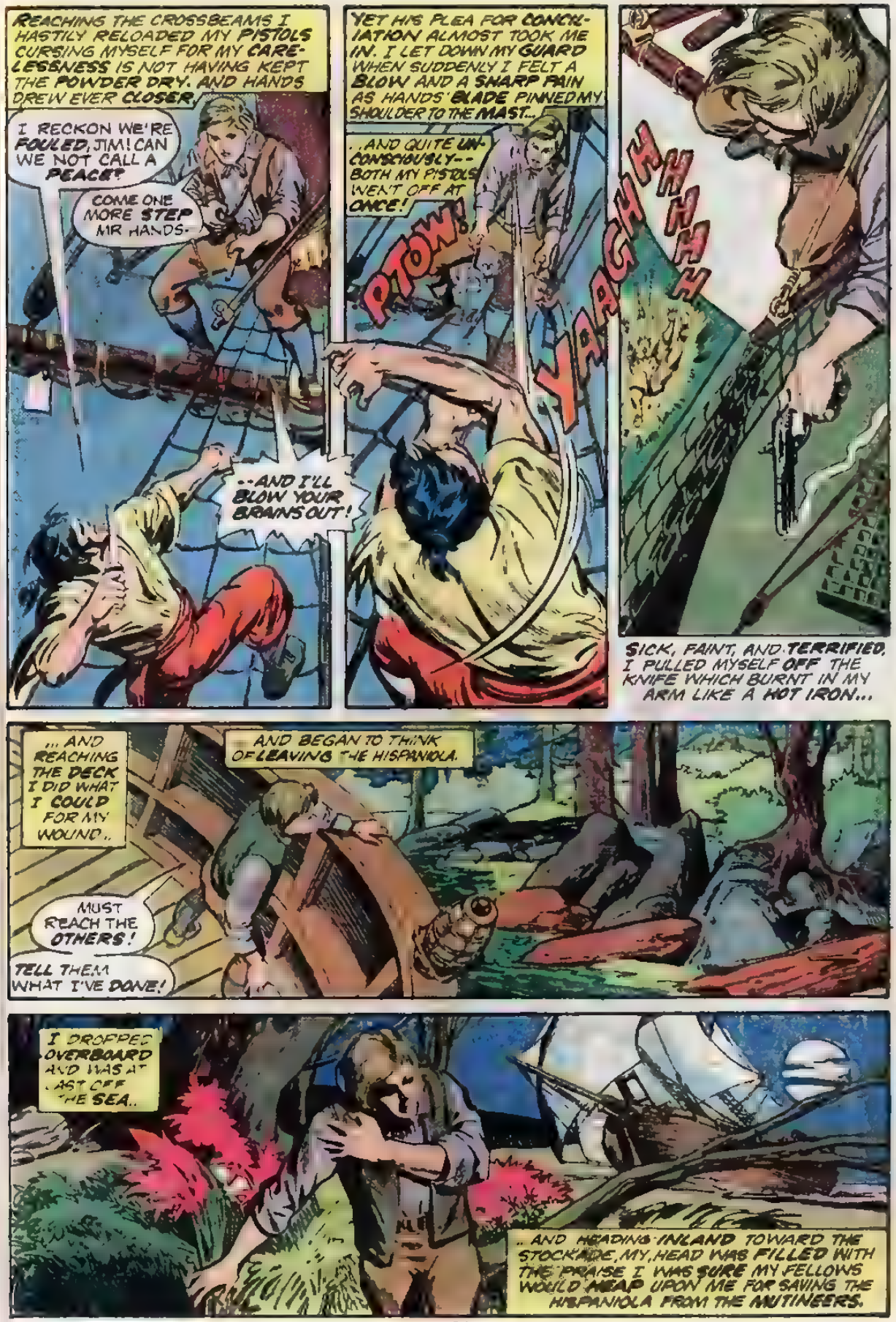
... AND I PADDLED NEAR THINKING THAT IF I COULD GET ON BOARD I MIGHT RETURN THE VESSEL TO HER CAPTAIN.

BUT JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE SCHOONER TURNED, CHARGED DOWN AND STRUCK MY LITTLE BOAT..

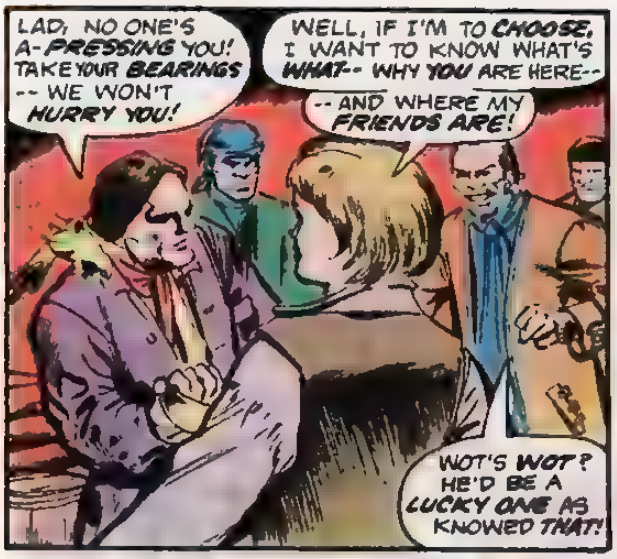
...AND I CLUNG TO THE LINE REALIZING THAT I WAS NOW LEFT WITHOUT RETREAT UPON THE HISPANIOLA

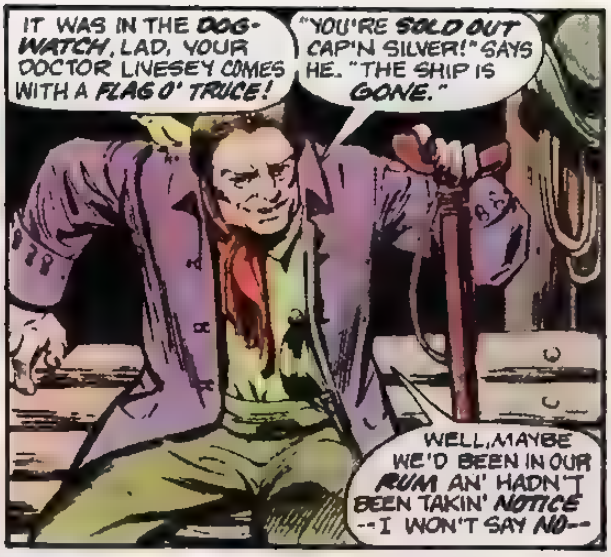
I CLIMBED ABOARD CAUTIOUSLY. NOT A SOUL WAS TO BE SEEN.
UNTIL THE MAIN-BOOM SAIL SWUNG AWAY AND I BEHELD...
HANDS! DEAD?
NO, NOT DEAD BUT JUST BARELY ALIVE, UNLIKE HIS COMPANION.
COME ABOARD, MR. HANDS! YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING SOME TROUBLE PILOTING THIS SHIP, SIR!
UNNHH...
BRANDY...
I WENT BELOWDECKS. ALL THE BARRELS WERE GONE, AND OF THE BOTTLES, MOST WERE DRUNK OUT AND TOSSED AWAY.
WHY-- NOT A MAN OF THEM COULD EVER HAVE BEEN SOBER!
NOT SINCE THE START OF THE MUTINY!
BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO LOSE AND FORAGING ABOUT I FOUND ONE BOTTLE WITH STILL SOME BRANDY LEFT.
...AND RETURNING TO HANDS...
BY THUNDER, BUT I WANTED SOME O' THAT!
'TWILL BE ALL YOU'LL HAVE, MR HANDS!
I'VE COME ABOARD TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THIS SHIP--
--AND YOU'LL PLEASE TO REGARD ME AS YOUR CAPTAIN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!
HE LOOKED TO ME SOURLY ENOUGH BUT SAID NOTHING. I RAN FORWARD TO THE COLOUR LINES...
...AND TORE DOWN THE MUTINEERS CURSED BLACK FLAG.
BETTER NO COLOURS THAN THESE, MR HANDS -- AND, BY YOUR LEAVE, I'LL STRIKE 'EM!
GOD SAVE THE KING--
--AND AN END TO CAPTAIN SILVER!!
I GAVE HANDS TO UNDERSTAND THAT I MEANT TO SAIL THE SHIP ABOUT TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND, THUS CAUSING THE LANDED MUTINEERS TO THINK HER LOST -- DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.
AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN ELATED WITH MY NEW COMMAND-- WERE NOT THE TREACHEROUS EYES OF THE COXSWAIN EVER UPON ME AT MY WORK.
DO YOU PREFER WHITE OR RED, MR. HANDS--
--OR IS IT THAT YOU'D LIKE EITHER, SO LONG AS THERE BE A QUANTITY OF IT?
WILL YE FETCH ME A BOTTLE O' WINE CAP'N? I CAN'T TAKE NO MORE RUM!
I WENT BELOW, BUT CIRCLED FORWARDS SO THAT I MIGHT SPY ON HIM FROM THE FORECASTLE...

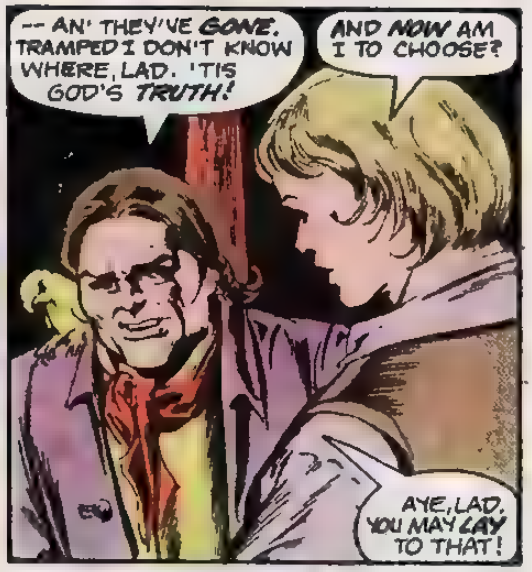

... AND, RISING TO PEER THROUGH A HATCHWAY, I FOUND MY WORST SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED.
SO! HE IS NOT HALF SO WEAK AS HE HAS TRIED TO LEAD ME TO BELIEVE!
AND HE IS NOW ARMED AS WELL!
I RETURNED WITH THE WINE, BUT KEPT A CLOSE EYE ON MR HANDS...
... UNTIL THE EXCITEMENT OF BEACHING THE HISPANIOLA SET ALL MY ATTENTION ON THE MANUVERS... AND NONE ON HANDS.
WHO, SEEING HIS CHANCE...
WE'RE BEACHED, MR HANDS!
AYE, CAP'N -- THAT WE ARE!
... TOOK IT!
NO!!
NOW, MY HEARTY LUFF--!
I DODGED OUT OF INSTINCT...
... AND LEAPED AWAY AS THE BEACHED SHIP LISTED TO ONE SIDE...
... WHICH WAS THE SAVING OF ME AS I SPRANG FOR THE MIZZEN MAST AND BEGAN TO CLIMB.

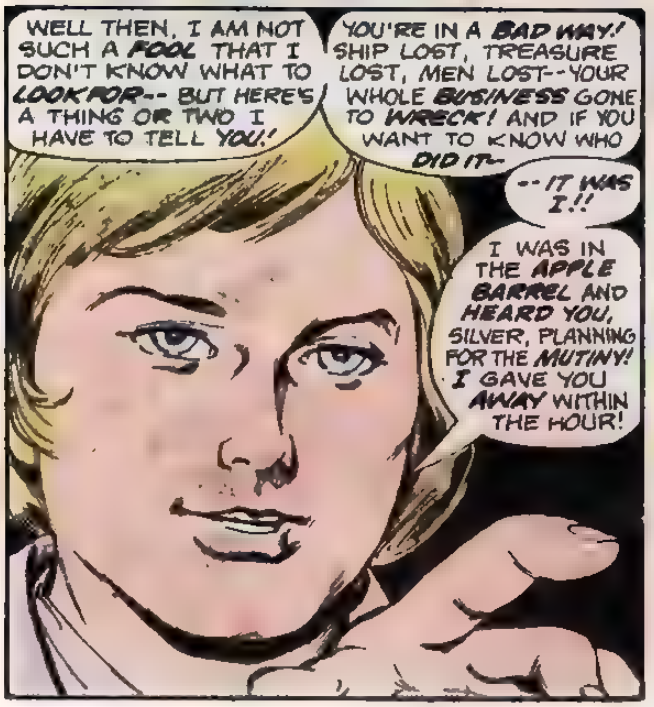

REACHING THE CROSSBEAMS I HASTILY RELOADED MY PISTOLS CURSING MYSELF FOR MY CARELESSNESS IS NOT HAVING KEPT THE POWDER DRY. AND HANDS DREW EVER CLOSER.
I RECKON WE'RE FOULED, JIM! CAN WE NOT CALL A PEACE?
COME ONE MORE STEP MR HANDS-
--AND I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
YET HIS PLEA FOR CONCILIATION ALMOST TOOK ME IN. I LET DOWN MY GUARD WHEN SUDDENLY I FELT A BLOW AND A SHARP PAIN AS HANDS' BLADE PINNED MY SHOULDER TO THE MAST...
..AND QUITE UNCONSCIOUSLY-- BOTH MY PISTOLS WENT OFF AT ONCE!
PTOW!
YAAGHHHHH
SICK, FAINT, AND TERRIFIED, I PULLED MYSELF OFF THE KNIFE WHICH BURNT IN MY ARM LIKE A HOT IRON...
... AND REACHING THE DECK I DID WHAT I COULD FOR MY WOUND..
AND BEGAN TO THINK OF LEAVING THE HISPANIOLA.
MUST REACH THE OTHERS!
TELL THEM WHAT I'VE DONE!
I DROPPED OVERBOARD AND WAS AT LAST OFF THE SEA..
.. AND HEADING INLAND TOWARD THE STOCKADE, MY HEAD WAS FILLED WITH THE PRAISE I WAS SURE MY FELLOWS WOULD HEAP UPON ME FOR SAVING THE HISPANIOLA FROM THE MUTINEERS.

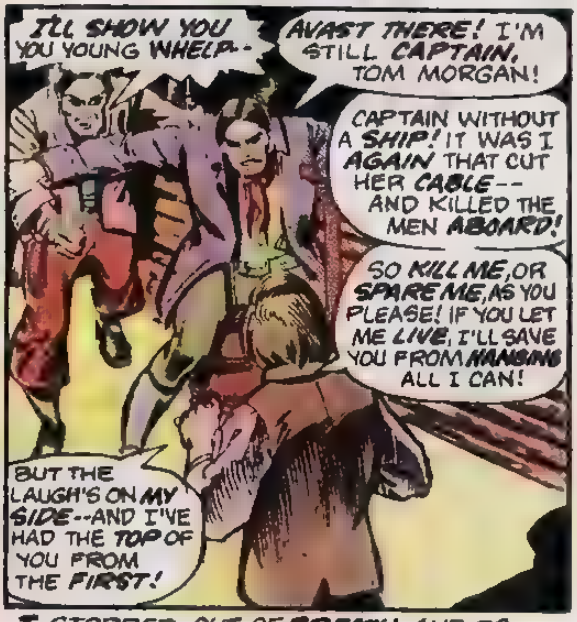
AS I APPROACHED THE STOCKADE THE GLOW OF A BONFIRE APPEARED TO LIGHT THE ENCLOSURE AND I WAS FILLED WITH WONDERMENT AS TO WHAT IT COULD BE.
HAS SOMETHING GONE WRONG?
SUCH A LARGE FIRE--AND THE CAPTAIN WAS THE ONE WHO WARNED US THAT WOOD WAS SCARCE.
I CLIMBED THE LOG-WALL AND, GUIDED BY THE REASSURING SNORES OF MY FRIENDS, I APPROACHED THE ROUNDHOUSE.
TIS AN INFAMOUSLY BAD WATCH THEY KEEP!
WHY IF I WERE ONE OF SILVER'S PIRATES--!
I THOUGHT I SHOULD SNEAK IN AND SURPRISE THEM IN THEIR SLUMBERS.
PIECES OF EIGHT.. PIECES OF EIGHT-- AWWK!
... IT WAS SILVER'S PARROT! CAPTAIN FLINT!
HERE'S A LIGHT, JOHN!
SO, HERE'S JIM HAWKINS, DROPPED IN FRIENDLY-LIKE!
SHIVER MY TIMBERS, I TAKE THAT KINDLY!
TO ALL THIS I MADE NO ANSWER BUT STOOD LOOKING SILVER IN THE FACE, BRAVELY ENOUGH, BUT WITH BLACK DESPAIR IN MY HEART.
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY FRIENDS
LOOSE YOUR HOLD ON THE LAD, DICK.
WELL, Y'SEE JIM NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE--
-- I CAN SAY NOW I'VE ALLUS LIKED YOU-- AN WANTED YE TO JINE AN' TAKE YOUR FAIR SHARE!
YOUR FRIENDS IS GONE, JIM-- RUN OUT AN' LEFT!
SO IT'S JINE WITH CAP'N SILVER LAD, OR STRIKE OUT BY YOURSELF WHICH MIGHT BE LONELY!
I HÄD SILVER WHETHER I WAS TO ANSWER...


LAD, NO ONE'S A-PRESSING YOU! TAKE YOUR BEARINGS -- WE WON'T HURRY YOU!
WELL, IF I'M TO CHOOSE, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S WHAT-- WHY YOU ARE HERE--
-- AND WHERE MY FRIENDS ARE!
WOT'S WOT? HE'D BE A LUCKY ONE AS KNOWED THAT!

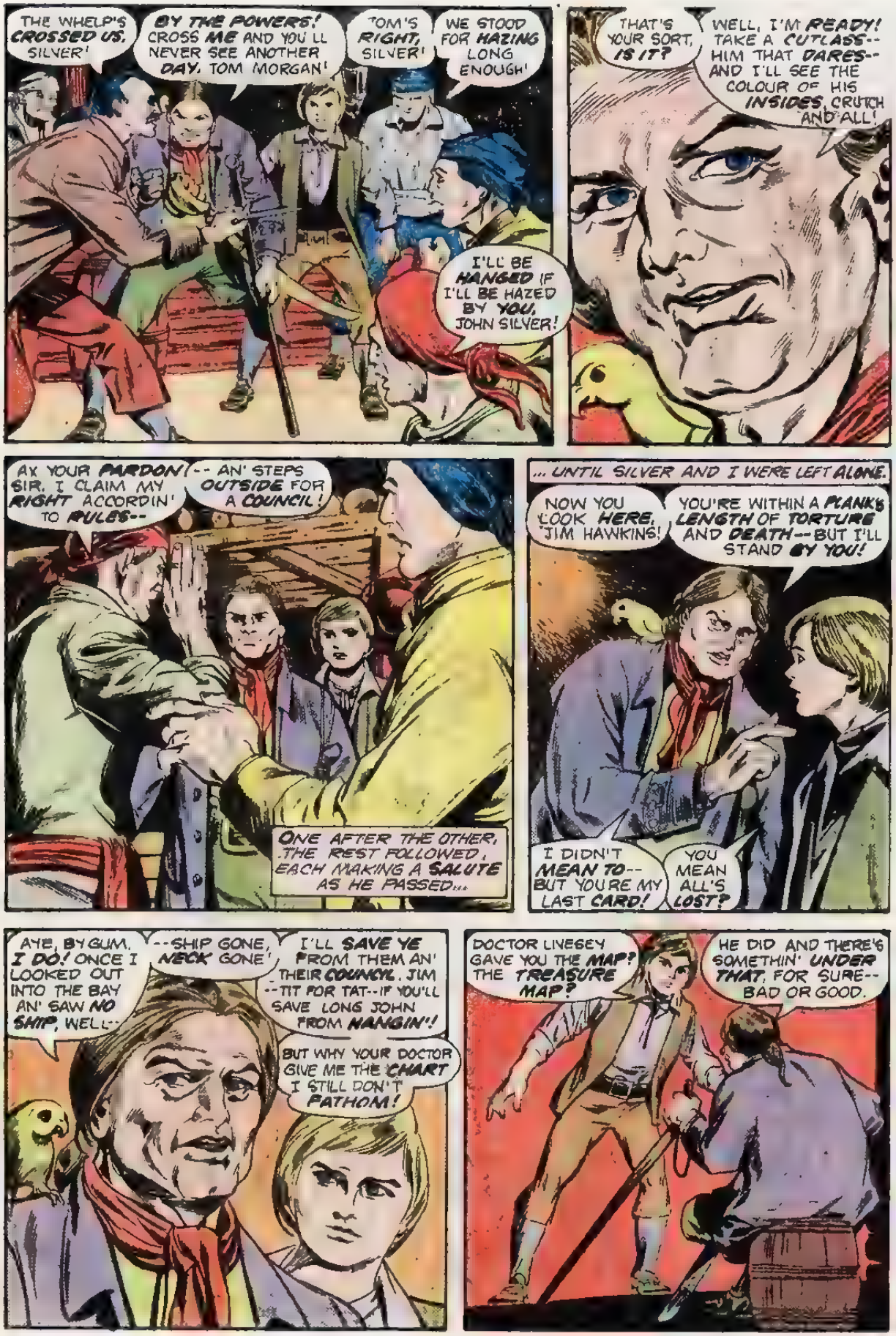

IT WAS IN THE DOG-WATCH, LAD, YOUR DOCTOR LIVESEY COMES WITH A FLAG O' TRUCE!
"YOU'RE SOLD OUT CAP'N SILVER!" SAYS HE. "THE SHIP IS GONE."
WELL, MAYBE WE'D BEEN IN OUR RUM AN' HADN'T BEEN TAKIN' NOTICE --I WON'T SAY NO--




WELL THEN, I AM NOT SUCH A FOOL THAT I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR-- BUT HERE'S A THING OR TWO I HAVE TO TELL YOU!
YOU'RE IN A BAD WAY! SHIP LOST, TREASURE LOST, MEN LOST--YOUR WHOLE BUSINESS GONE TO WRECK! AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO DID IT--
-- IT WAS I!!
I WAS IN THE APPLE BARREL AND HEARD YOU, SILVER, PLANNING FOR THE MUTINY! I GAVE YOU AWAY WITHIN THE HOUR!

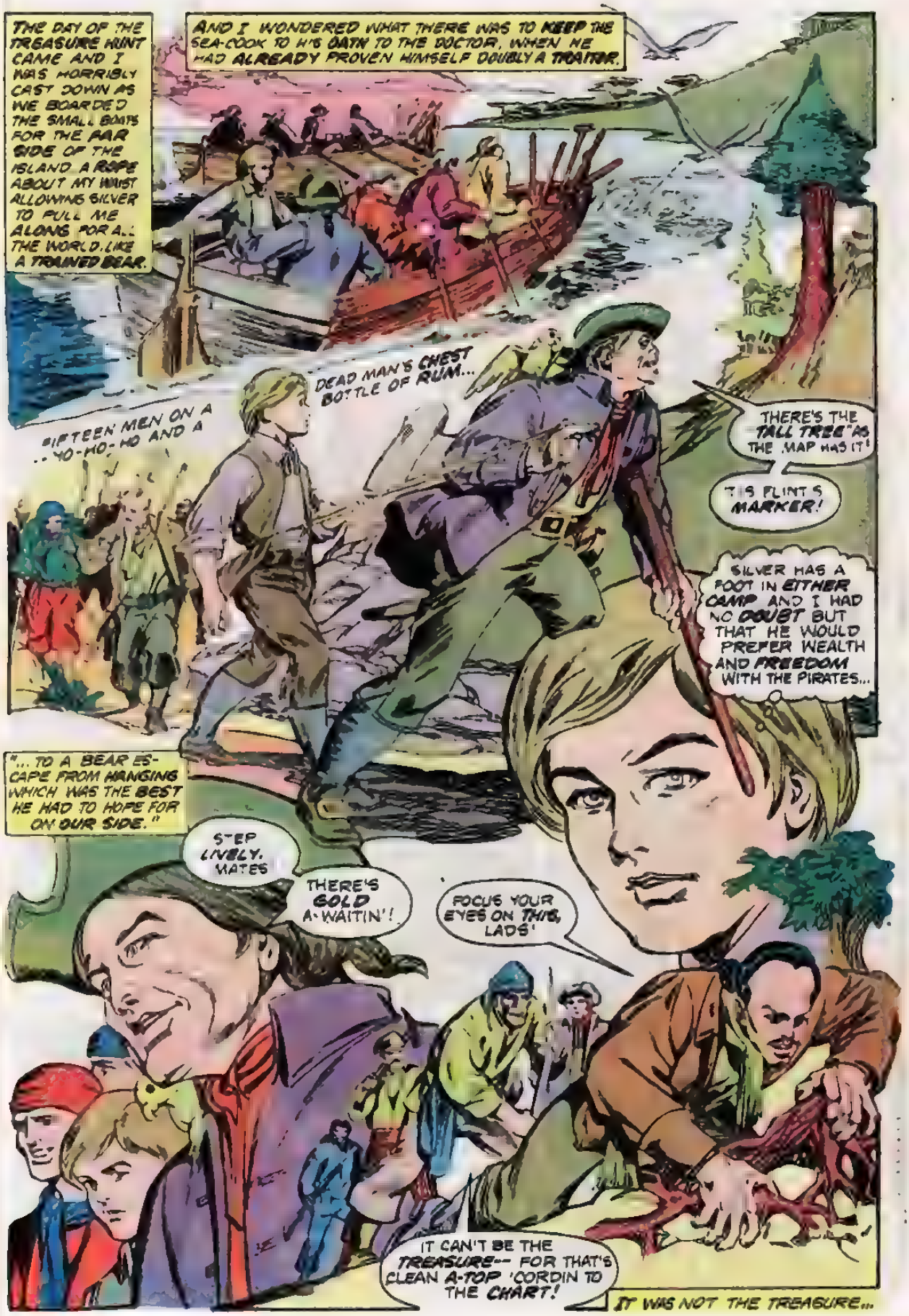

I'LL SHOW YOU YOU YOUNG WHELP--
AVAST THERE! I'M STILL CAPTAIN, TOM MORGAN!
CAPTAIN WITHOUT A SHIP! IT WAS I AGAIN THAT CUT HER CABLE-- AND KILLED THE MEN ABOARD!
SO KILL ME, OR SPARE ME, AS YOU PLEASE! IF YOU LET ME LIVE, I'LL SAVE YOU FROM HANGING ALL I CAN!
BUT THE LAUGH'S ON MY SIDE--AND I'VE HAD THE TOP OF YOU FROM THE FIRST!

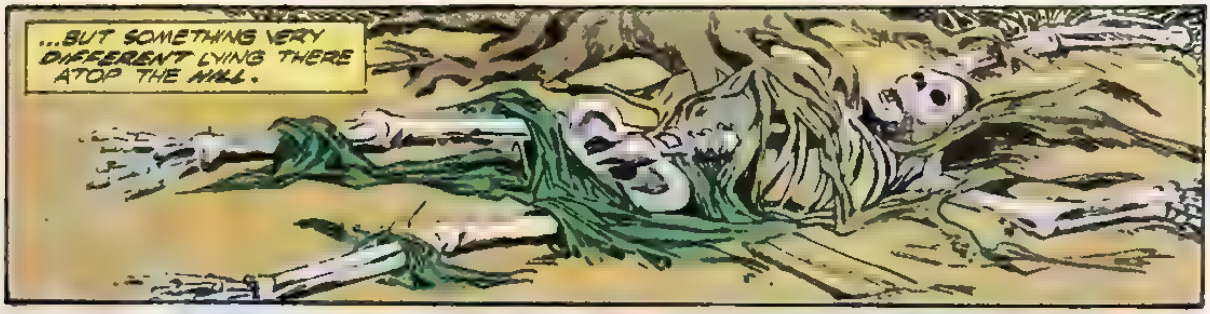
I STOPPED, OUT OF BREATH, AND TO MY WONDER, NOT A MAN OF THEM MOVED, BUT ALL SAT STARING LIKE SHEEP.


THE WHELP'S CROSSED US, SILVER!
BY THE POWERS! CROSS ME AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANOTHER DAY, TOM MORGAN!
TOM'S RIGHT, SILVER!
WE STOOD FOR HAZING LONG ENOUGH!
I'LL BE HANGED IF I'LL BE HAZED BY YOU, JOHN SILVER!
THAT'S YOUR SORT, IS IT?
WELL, I'M READY! TAKE A CUTLASS-- HIM THAT DARES-- AND I'LL SEE THE COLOUR OF HIS INSIDES, CRUTCH AND ALL!
AY, YOUR PARDON SIR, I CLAIM MY RIGHT ACCORDIN' TO RULES--
-- AN' STEPS OUTSIDE FOR A COUNCIL!
ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE REST FOLLOWED, EACH MAKING A SALUTE AS HE PASSED...
... UNTIL SILVER AND I WERE LEFT ALONE.
NOW YOU LOOK HERE, JIM HAWKINS!
YOU'RE WITHIN A PLANK'S LENGTH OF TORTURE AND DEATH-- BUT I'LL STAND BY YOU!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO-- BUT YOU'RE MY LAST CARD!
YOU MEAN ALL'S LOST?
AYE, BY GUM, I DO! ONCE I LOOKED OUT INTO THE BAY AN' SAW NO SHIP, WELL--
--SHIP GONE, NECK GONE'
I'LL SAVE YE FROM THEM AN' THEIR COUNCIL. JIM --TIT FOR TAT-- IF YOU'LL SAVE LONG JOHN FROM HANGIN'!
BUT WHY YOUR DOCTOR GIVE ME THE CHART I STILL DON'T FATHOM!
DOCTOR LIVESEY GAVE YOU THE MAP? THE TREASURE MAP?
HE DID AND THERE'S SOMETHIN' UNDER THAT, FOR SURE-- BAD OR GOOD.

... AND THE "COUNCIL" RE-ENTERED THE HOUSE.
HERE THEY COME
LET 'EM, LAD, --LET 'EM
I'VE STILL A SHOT IN MY LOCKER!
STEP UP, TOM MORGAN! I WON'T EAT YOU!
THE BLACK SPOT!
AN' YOU'VE GONE AN' CUT A BIBLE! WHAT POOL'S DONE THAT?
THERE! WOT DID I SAY NO GOOD WILL COME O' THAT!
IT WAS DICK! HE'S SEEN HIS SLICE O' LUCK NOW!
BELAY THAT TALK SILVER! YOU'VE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR, YOU HAVE!
YOU'VE MADE A HASH OF THIS CRUISE FROM THE START--AN' THEN LET TH' ENEMY OUT OF THIS TRAP FOR NOTHIN'!
WE'VE VOTED! STEP DOWN AS CAPTAIN--AN' WE'LL DEAL WITH THIS HERE BOY!
HASH, EH? WHO WAS IT MADE THIS MESS?
YOU KNOW'D MY PLAN--AN' IF YOU'D LISTENED WE'D BE ON BOARD THE SHIP THIS VERY MINUTE!
AN' AS TO THIS BOY--ISN'T HE A HOSTAGE? MAYBE OUR LAST CHANCE IF WE SHOULD NEED ONE?
AN' HERE'S WHY I MADE THE BARGAIN WITH THE DOCTOR!
THE MAP!
BY MY SOUL--THE TREASURE MAP!
THAT'S FLINT'S, SURE ENOUGH!
THE TREASURE!
BUT HOW ARE WE TO GET AWAY WITH IT!
ELECT CAPTAIN WHO YOU PLEASE--I'M DONE WITH IT!
SILVER! SILVER FOR CAP'N!
SILVER FOREVER!
SO THAT'S THE TUNE, IS IT? WELL, SHIPMATES YOUR BLACK SPOT WEREN'T MUCH GOOD WERE IT?
YOU'VE GONE AN' CUT A BIBLE FOR NAUGHT!
AND SO THAT NIGHT'S BUSINESS CAME TO AN END.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
AHOY, THE FORT!
COME AHEAD, DOCTOR!
WAKE UP YOU LUBBERS! DOCTOR'S HERE!
TOP O' THE MORNIN' TO YE, DOCTOR! YOUR PATIENTS ARE ALL WELL AND MERRY--
-- AN' WE GOT US A NEW BORDER!
NOT... JIM?
THE VERY SAME JIM AS EVER WAS!
I ...SEE WELL BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE
WITH ONLY THE GRIMMEST OF NODS TO ME, DOCTOR LIVESEY WENT ABOUT TREATING THE MUTINEERS, THOSE WHO HAD FALLEN TO EITHER RUM OR THE FEVER.
-- AND, WHEN HIS MINISTRATIONS WERE DONE...
I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO THAT BOY, NOW, IF YOU PLEASE.
I WAS A-THINKING YE MIGHT, DOCTOR! NOW YOU JUST STEP OUTSIDE THAT STOCKADE--
-- AND I'LL BRING THE BOY DOWN ON THE INSIDE, YOU CAN YARN THROUGH THE SPARS!
OVER THE OBJECTION OF THE PIRATES, SILVER ESCORTED ME DOWN THE SLOPES TO WHERE THE DOCTOR AWAITED.
SPEAK YOUR PEACE QUICKLY, LAD! THEY DON'T TRUST OLD SILVER YET!
I THEN RECOUNTED MY ADVENTURES TO THE DOCTOR AS SILVER STOOD A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.
JIM, I WAS ANGRY WHEN I FIRST SAW YOU-- BUT NOW IT APPEARS IT'S YOU THAT'S SAVED OUR LIVES YET AGAIN!
ALRIGHT-- WHAT IS, IS! TELL SILVER THAT I'LL DO MY BEST TO GET HIM OUT OF THIS WOLF-TRAP WITH YOU--
-- AND TELL HIM NOT TO BE TOO QUICK ABOUT HUNTING DOWN THAT TREASURE--OR THERE'LL BE A SQUALL HE'S NOT EXPECTING WHEN HE FINDS IT!

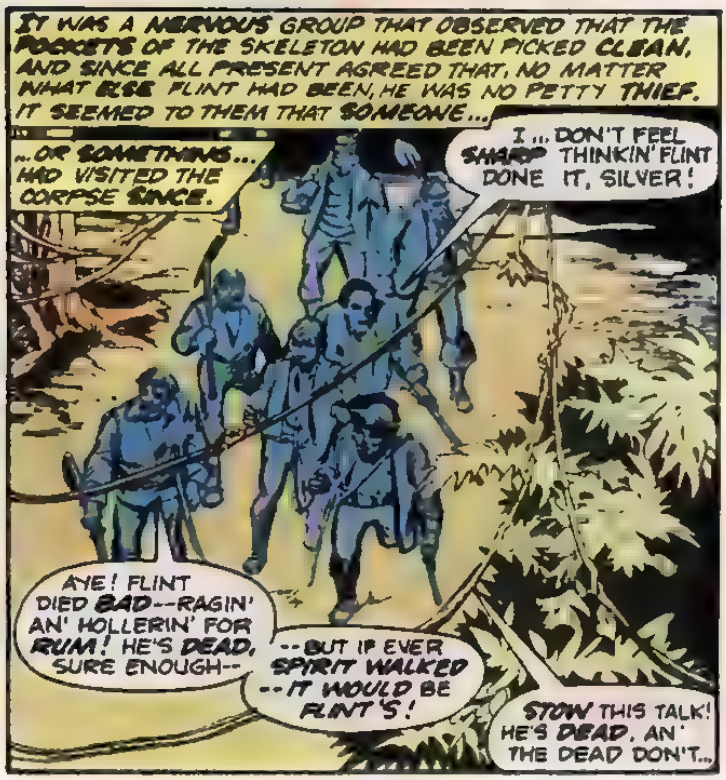

THE DAY OF THE TREASURE HUNT CAME AND I WAS HORRIBLY CAST DOWN AS WE BOARDED THE SMALL BOATS FOR THE FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND A ROPE ABOUT MY WAIST ALLOWING SILVER TO PULL ME ALONG FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A TRAINED BEAR.
AND I WONDERED WHAT THERE WAS TO KEEP THE SEA-COOK TO HIS OATH TO THE DOCTOR, WHEN HE HAD ALREADY PROVEN HIMSELF DOUBLY A TRAITOR.
"FIFTEEN MEN ON A ..HO-HO-HO AND A
DEAD MAN'S CHEST BOTTLE OF RUM...
THERE'S THE TALL TREE AS THE MAP HAS IT
THIS FLINT'S MARKER!
SILVER HAS A FOOT IN EITHER CAMP AND I HAD NO DOUBT BUT THAT HE WOULD PREFER WEALTH AND FREEDOM WITH THE PIRATES...
"... TO A BEAR ESCAPE FROM HANGING WHICH WAS THE BEST HE HAD TO HOPE FOR ON OUR SIDE."
STEP LIVELY, MATES
THERE'S GOLD A-WAITIN'!
FOCUS YOUR EYES ON THIS, LADS!
IT CAN'T BE THE TREASURE-- FOR THAT'S CLEAN A-TOP 'CORDIN TO THE CHART!
IT WAS NOT THE TREASURE...


...BUT SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT LYING THERE ATOP THE HILL.

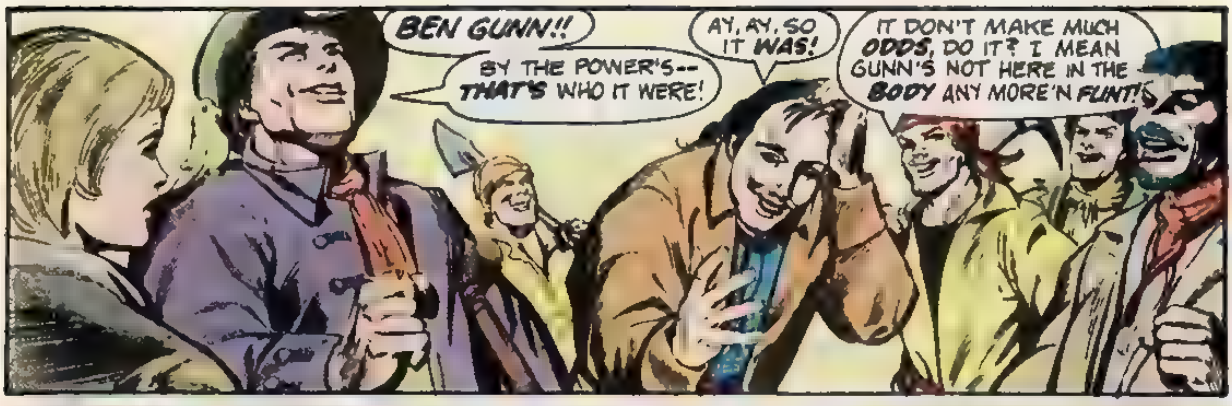
HE WAS A SEAMAN, SILVER--
--LEASTWAYS, THAT WAS GOOD SEA-CLOTH ON HIS BODY!
AYE-AYE -- LIKE ENOUGH. YOU WOULDN'T LOOK TO FIND A BISHOP HERE, I RECKON!
BUT WHAT SORT OF A WAY IS THAT FOR A BODY TO LIE? T'AIN'T NATURAL!

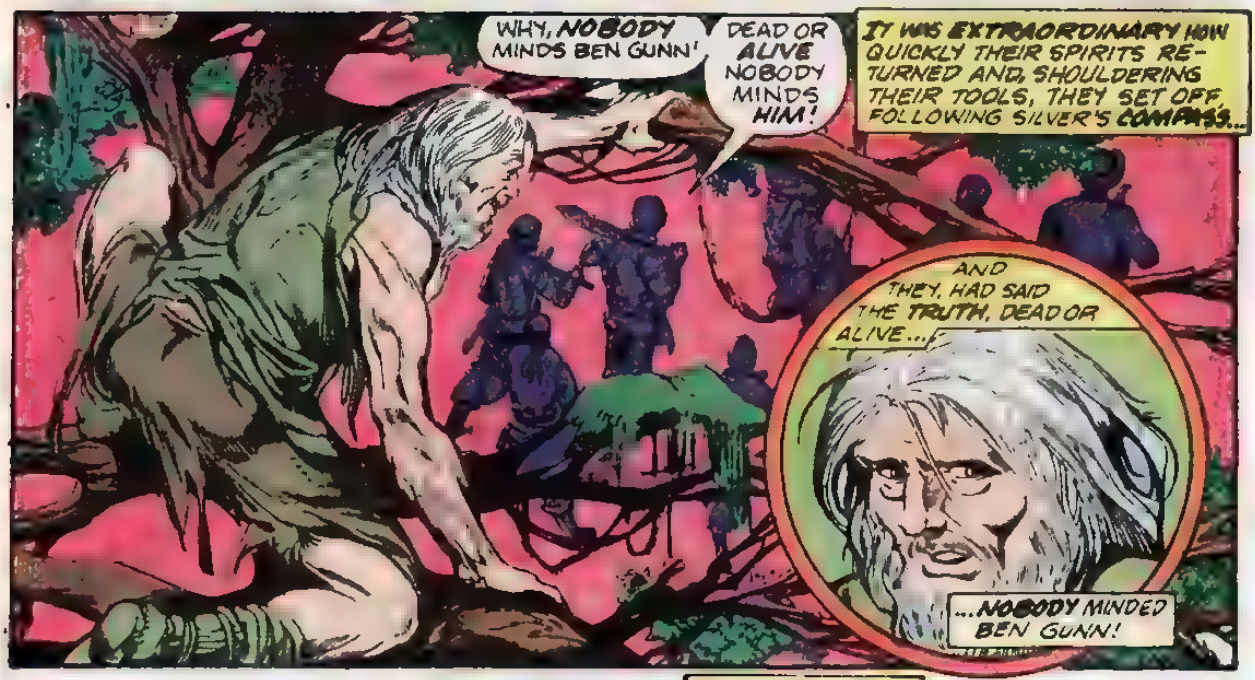
BUT IT PUTS A NOTION INTO MY OLD NUMBSKULL!
HERE'S THE COMPASS--AN' THERE'S THE TIP-TOP POINT O' SKELETON ISLAND!
A BEARIN' ALONG THEM BONES IS OUR LINE FOR THE POLE STAR AN' ALL THEM JOLLY DOLLARS!

FLINT! THIS WAS ONE O' HIS JOKES!
HE KILLED ALL THEM THAT WAS WITH 'IM WHEN HE BURIED THE SWAG-- AN' THEN HE HAULED THIS ONE DOWN HERE AN' LAID HIM OUT BY COMPASS!
SHIVER MY TIMBERS!

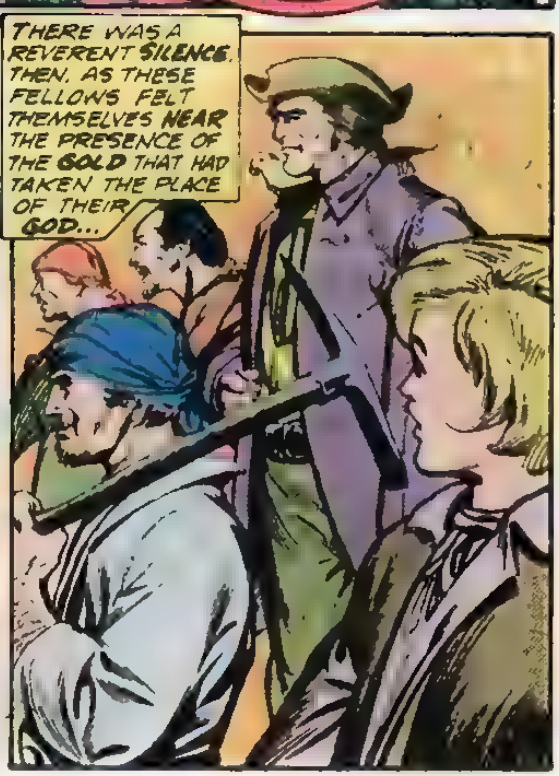

IT WAS A NERVOUS GROUP THAT OBSERVED THAT THE POCKETS OF THE SKELETON HAD BEEN PICKED CLEAN, AND SINCE ALL PRESENT AGREED THAT, NO MATTER WHAT ELSE FLINT HAD BEEN, HE WAS NO PETTY THIEF. IT SEEMED TO THEM THAT SOMEONE...
...OR SOMETHING... HAD VISITED THE CORPSE SINCE.
I... DON'T FEEL SHARP THINKIN' FLINT DONE IT, SILVER!
AYE! FLINT DIED BAD--RAGIN' AN' HOLLERIN' FOR RUM! HE'S DEAD, SURE ENOUGH--
--BUT IF EVER SPIRIT WALKED --IT WOULD BE FLINT'S!
STOW THIS TALK! HE'S DEAD, AN' THE DEAD DON'T...

FIFTEEN DEAD MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST-- YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM...
EVER SINCE THEY HAD FOUND THE SKELETON THE PIRATES HAD SPOKEN LOWER AND HAD GOT ALMOST TO WHISPERING...
... WHEN LOUD AGAINST THEIR QUIET A THIN, HIGH TREMBLING VOICE STRUCK UP THE WELL-KNOWN SONG ABOUT THEM.
... AND NEVER HAVE I SEEN MEN SO DREADFULLY AFFECTED BY ANYTHING.
SAVE US!
IT'S FLINT-- BY MY SOUL!!
STAND BY TO GO ABOUT!
IT'S SOMEONE SKYLARKIN' US -- SOMEONE THAT'S FLESH AN' BLOOD!
WHO, JOHN? WHO?
I-I CAN'T NAME THE VOICE! IT--
DARBY MC GRAW! FETCH THE RUM, DARBY!
THAT FIXES IT! LET'S GO!
THEM WAS FLINT'S LAST WORDS!
LOR HELP US!
MATES, I'M HERE TO GET THE SWAG-- AND I'LL NOT BE BEAT BY MAN OR DEVIL!
I NEVER WAS FEARED O' FLINT IN HIS LIFE-- AN', BY THE POWERS-- I'LL FACE HIM DEAD!
BELAY THERE, JOHN! DON'T CROSS A SPIRIT!
SPIRIT? THERE WAS AN ECHO TO THAT SPIRIT, GEORGE MERRY! NO MAN'S NEVER SEEN A SPIRIT WITH A SHADOW--
-- WELL THEN, WHAT'S HE DOIN' WITH AN ECHO??
WHY, THAT'S SO, JOHN! YOU'VE A HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS!
AYE, THAT VOICE WERE LIKE FLINT'S, BUT IT WAS LIKER TO--

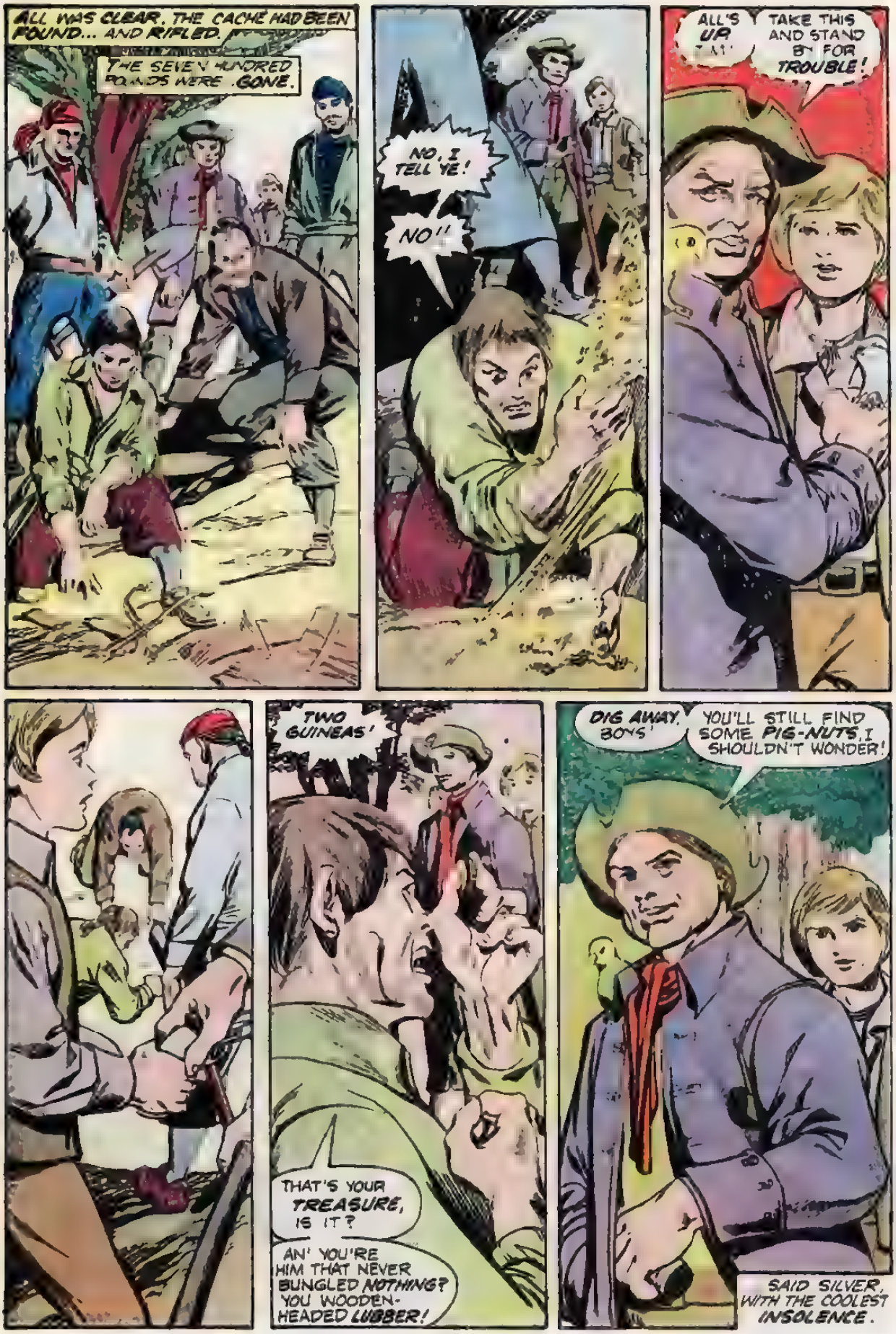

BEN GUNN!!
BY THE POWER'S-- THAT'S WHO IT WERE!
AY, AY, SO IT WAS!
IT DON'T MAKE MUCH ODDS, DO IT? I MEAN GUNN'S NOT HERE IN THE BODY ANY MORE'N FLINT!


WHY, NOBODY MINDS BEN GUNN!
DEAD OR ALIVE NOBODY MINDS HIM!
IT WAS EXTRAORDINARY HOW QUICKLY THEIR SPIRITS RETURNED AND, SHOULDERING THEIR TOOLS, THEY SET OFF FOLLOWING SILVER'S COMPASS...
AND THEY HAD SAID THE TRUTH, DEAD OR ALIVE...
...NOBODY MINDED BEN GUNN!

FINALLY, HAVING REACHED THE EDGE OF THE FOREST...
THERE SHE LIES MATES! IN THAT CLEARING!


THERE WAS A REVERENT SILENCE. THEN, AS THESE FELLOWS FELT THEMSELVES NEAR THE PRESENCE OF THE GOLD THAT HAD TAKEN THE PLACE OF THEIR GOD...

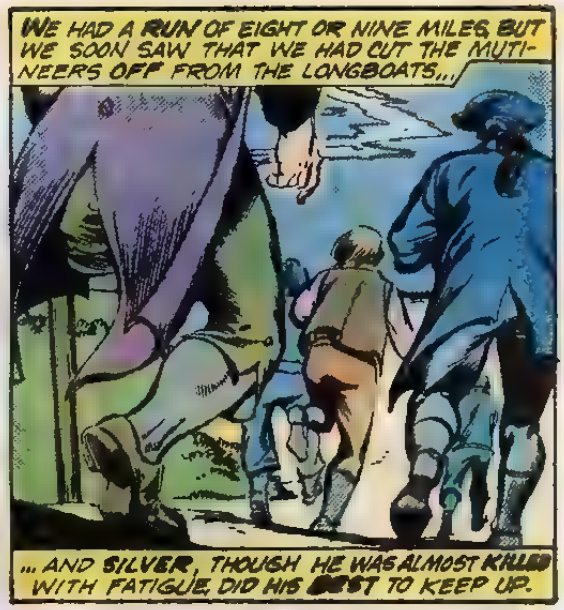
...AND THEN THEY BROKE INTO AN OPEN RUN.
THERE SHE IS MATES!
ALL TOGETHER NOW
EVEN SILVER DIGGING AWAY WITH THE FOOT OF HIS CRUTCH LIKE ONE POSSESSED...
...EVEN HE DOUBLED HIS PACE WHEN SUDDENLY...
...A LOW CRY AROSE, NOT TEN YARDS AHEAD.
NOW, BY THE POWERS THAT BE!
NOW I SEE WHAT THE DOCTOR WAS A-WARNIN' OF!
NO!!


ALL WAS CLEAR. THE CACHE HAD BEEN FOUND... AND RIFLED.
THE SEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS WERE GONE.
NO, I TELL YE!
NO!!
ALL'S UP
TAKE THIS AND STAND BY FOR TROUBLE!
TWO GUINEAS'
THAT'S YOUR TREASURE, IS IT?
AN' YOU'RE HIM THAT NEVER BUNGLED NOTHING? YOU WOODEN-HEADED LUBBER!
DIG AWAY, BOYS'
YOU'LL STILL FIND SOME PIG-NUTS, I SHOULDN'T WONDER!
SAID SILVER, WITH THE COOLEST INSOLENCE.

PIG-NUTS! MATES, D'YE HEAR THAT?
I TELL YOU NOW-- THAT MAN THERE KNEW IT ALL ALONG! LOOK IN THE FACE OF HIM, AND YOU'LL SEE IT WROTE THERE!
PLAIN AS DAY!
AH, MERRY! STANDIN' UP FOR CAP'N AGAIN?
YOU'RE A PUSHING LAD TO BE SURE!
WE STOOD FACING THEM TWO AGAINST THEIR FIVE, AND SILVER WATCHED THEM, NEVER MOVING.
MATES, THERE'S TWO OF 'EM ALONE THERE! ONE'S THE CRIPPLE WHO BROUGHT US ALL HERE AND BLUNDERED US DOWN TO THIS--
--AN' THE OTHER'S THAT CUB--
--WHO I MEANS TO HAVE THE HEART OF!
COME ON THEN, GEORGE MERRY--
--OR DID YE THINK I'D TRY AN RUN FROM THE LIKES OF YOU?
GEORGE MERRY ONLY SNARLED, CLEARING HIS THROAT AS IF HE WERE GETTING IT READY TO COMMAND A CHARGE AGAINST A BOY AND A ONE-LEGGED MAN.

BUT JUST THEN...
CRACK!
CRACK!
PTOW!
SILVER WHAT--?
TOO BAD, GEORGE--
-- BUT I RECKON I MUST SETTLE YOU!
AS I SAID, GEORGE--
--TOO BAD
BUH TOOM!
YEEAGGH!

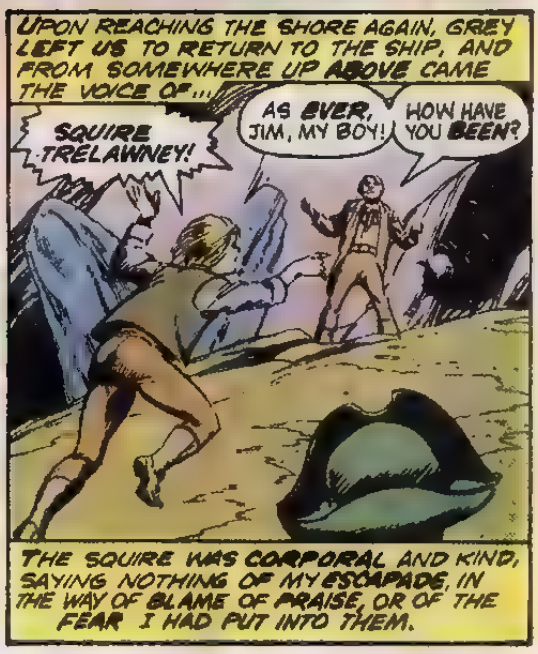
DOCTOR LIVESEY!
AND IT'S GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR!
OF THAT, I'M SURE, MR. SILVER!
DOCTOR! THEY ARE HEADED FOR THE BOATS!


WE HAD A RUN OF EIGHT OR NINE MILES, BUT WE SOON SAW THAT WE HAD CUT THE MUTINEERS OFF FROM THE LONGBOATS...
... AND SILVER, THOUGH HE WAS ALMOST KILLED WITH FATIGUE, DID HIS BEST TO KEEP UP.

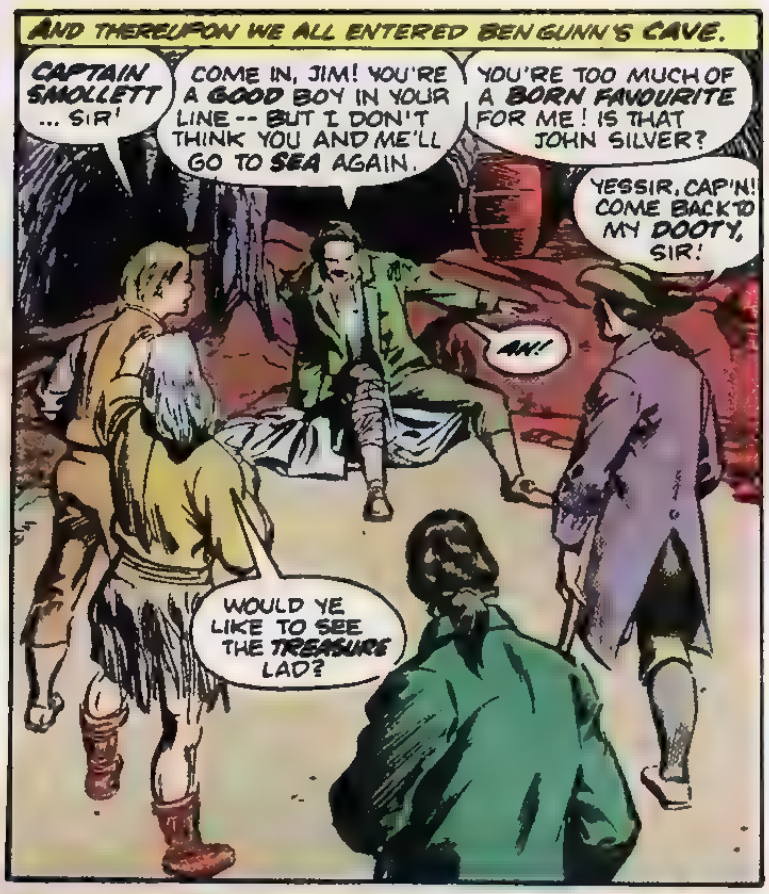
WE REACHED THE GIGS AND THE DOCTOR, WITH A PICKAXE DEMOLISHED ONE SO THAT THE REMAINING PIRATES MIGHT NOT FOLLOW US.
WOULD YOU HAVE LET OLD JOHN BE CUT TO BITS, DOCTOR AND NEVER GIVEN IT A THOUGHT?
NOT ONE, SILVER!
WE THEN SET OUT INTO THE SURF...
... AND ROUNDING THE NORTH INLET WE SPIED THE HISPANIOLA.
SHE'S FLOATIN' LIKE A GHOST SHIP!
AYE, THE TIDE MUST'VE LIFTED 'ER OFF!

SHE'S SOUND EXCEPT FOR THE MAINSAIL!
GREY YOU'LL RETURN US TO SHORE, THEN COME BACK AND STAND GUARD OVER HER THROUGH THE NIGHT!
AYE, SIR!

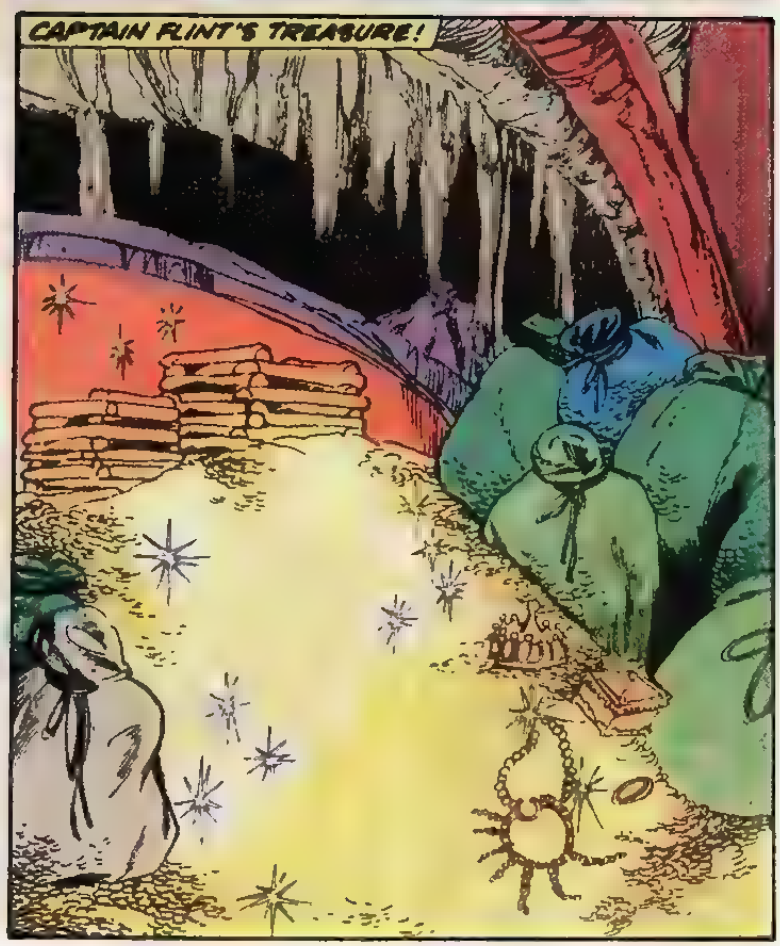
SO IT WAS YOU, BEN GUNN!
HOW DO, MR SILVER?
BEN, BEN-- TO THINK AS YOU HAVE DONE ME!

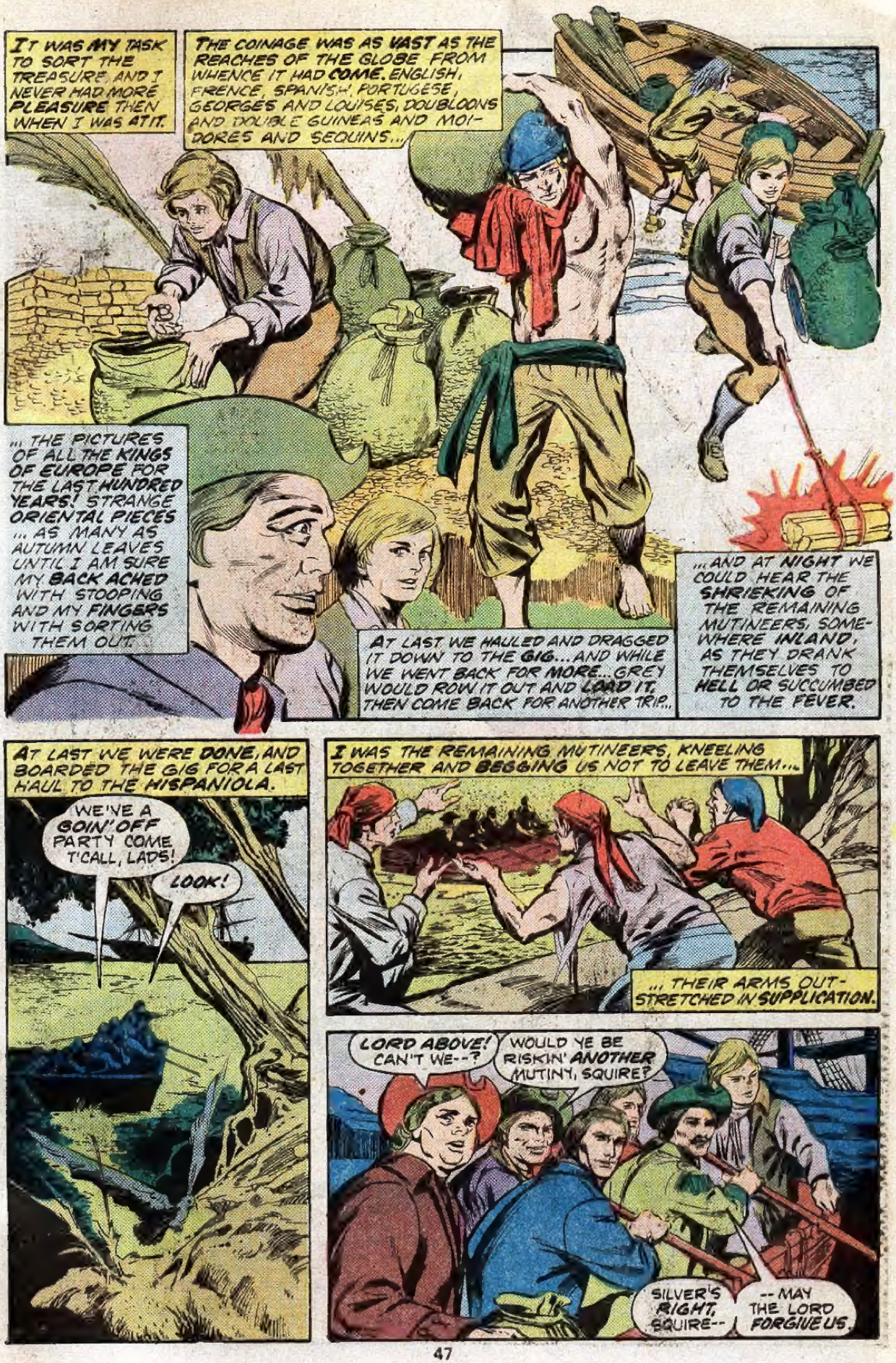

UPON REACHING THE SHORE AGAIN, GREY LEFT US TO RETURN TO THE SHIP, AND FROM SOMEWHERE UP ABOVE CAME THE VOICE OF...
SQUIRE TRELAWNEY!
AS EVER, JIM, MY BOY!
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?
THE SQUIRE WAS CORPORAL AND KIND, SAYING NOTHING OF MY ESCAPADE, IN THE WAY OF BLAME OF PRAISE, OR OF THE FEAR I HAD PUT INTO THEM.

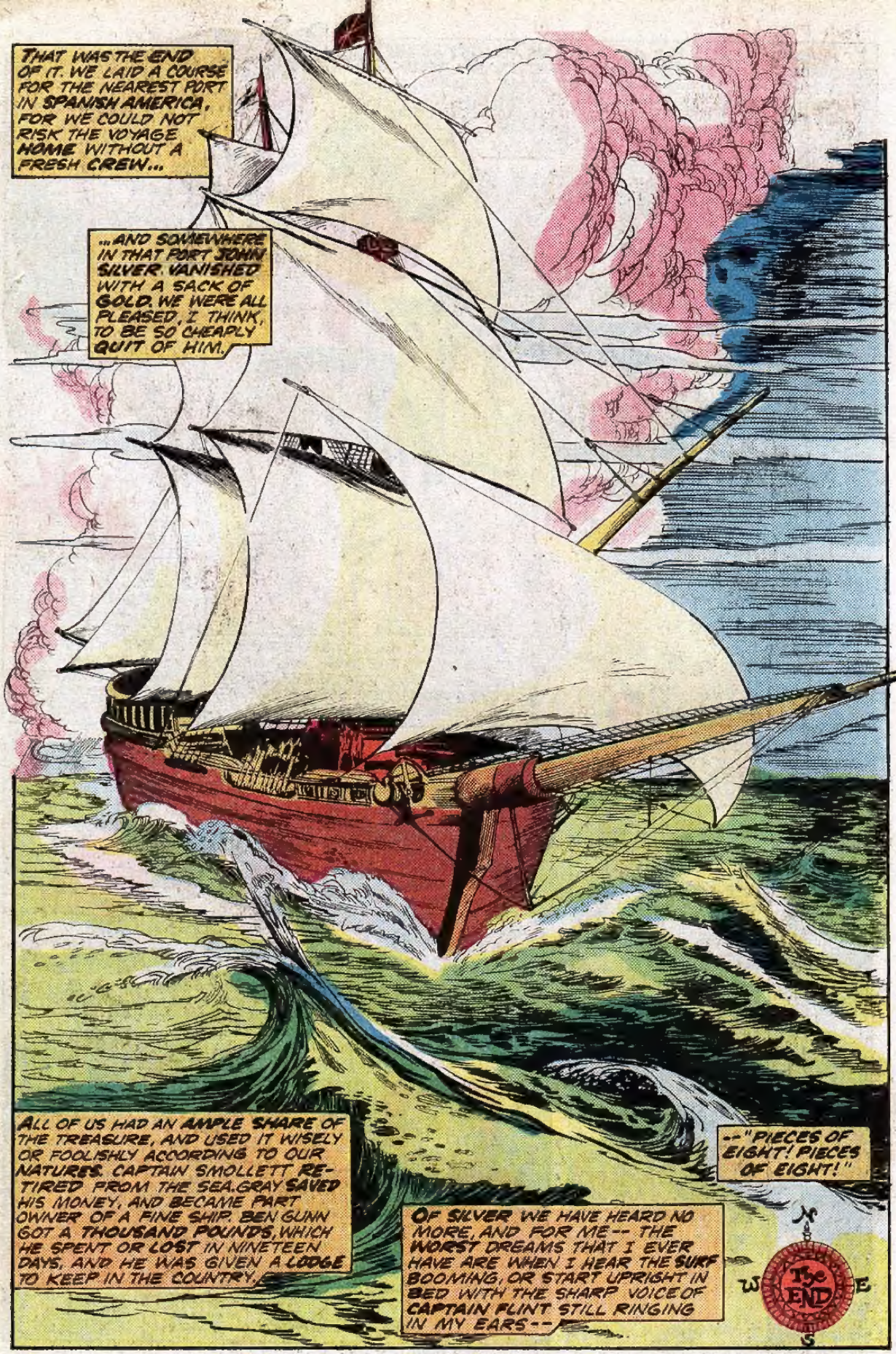
BUT AT SILVER'S POLITE SALUTE HE SOMEWHAT FLUSHED.
JOHN SILVER, YOU ARE A PRODIGIOUS DEVIL AND AN IMPOSTER, AND I AM TOLD NOT TO PROSECUTE YOU, SIR!
BUT DEAD MEN, SIR, HANG ABOUT YOUR NECK LIKE MILLSTONES!
THANK YE KINDLY, SIR.

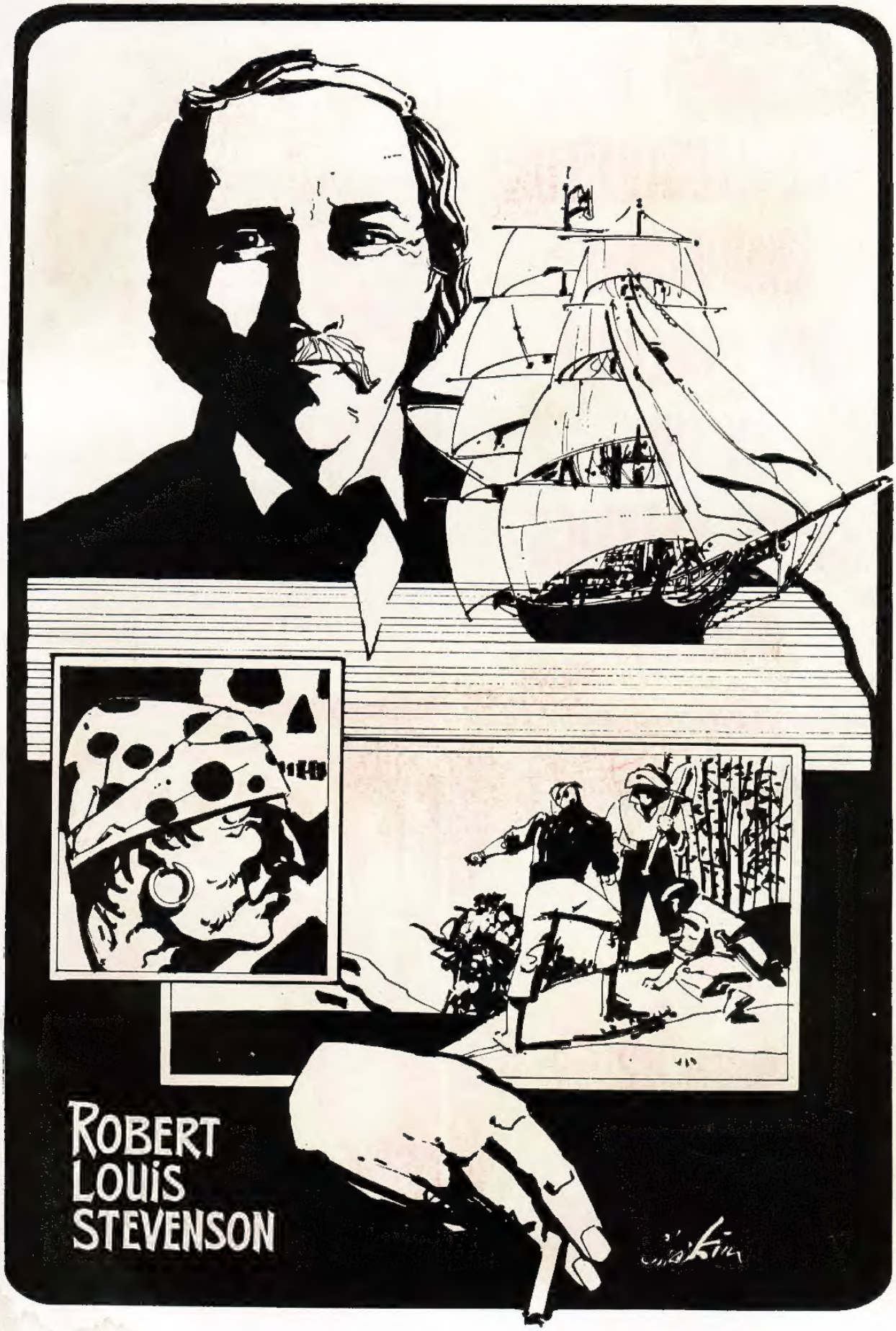

AND THEREUPON WE ALL ENTERED BEN GUNN'S CAVE.
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT ... SIR!
COME IN, JIM! YOU'RE A GOOD BOY IN YOUR LINE -- BUT I DON'T THINK YOU AND ME'LL GO TO SEA AGAIN.
YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A BORN FAVOURITE FOR ME! IS THAT JOHN SILVER?
YESSIR, CAP'N! COME BACK TO MY DOOTY, SIR!
AH!
WOULD YE LIKE TO SEE THE TREASURE LAD?

AND THERE IT WAS! HOW MANY MEN HAD LIVED FOR IT?
HOW MANY MORE HAD DIED?
I FOUND IT OVER A YEAR AGO -- AN' BROUGHT IT ALL HERE MYSELF, I DID!


CAPTAIN FLINT'S TREASURE!


IT WAS MY TASK TO SORT THE TREASURE, AND I NEVER HAD MORE PLEASURE THEN WHEN I WAS AT IT.
THE COINAGE WAS AS VAST AS THE REACHES OF THE GLOBE FROM WHENCE IT HAD COME. ENGLISH, FRENCE, SPANISH, PORTUGESE, GEORGES AND LOUISES, DOUBLOONS AND DOUBLE GUINEAS AND MOIDORES AND SEQUINS...
... THE PICTURES OF ALL THE KINGS OF EUROPE FOR THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS! STRANGE ORIENTAL PIECES ... AS MANY AS AUTUMN LEAVES UNTIL I AM SURE MY BACK ACHED WITH STOOPING AND MY FINGERS WITH SORTING THEM OUT.
AT LAST WE HAULED AND DRAGGED IT DOWN TO THE GIG... AND WHILE WE WENT BACK FOR MORE... GREY WOULD ROW IT OUT AND LOAD IT, THEN COME BACK FOR ANOTHER TRIP...
... AND AT NIGHT WE COULD HEAR THE SHRIEKING OF THE REMAINING MUTINEERS, SOMEWHERE INLAND, AS THEY DRANK THEMSELVES TO HELL OR SUCCUMBED TO THE FEVER.
AT LAST WE WERE DONE, AND BOARDED THE GIG FOR A LAST HAUL TO THE HISPANIOLA.
WE'VE A GOIN' OFF PARTY COME T'CALL, LADS!
LOOK!
I WAS THE REMAINING MUTINEERS, KNEELING TOGETHER AND BEGGING US NOT TO LEAVE THEM...
... THEIR ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IN SUPPLICATION.
LORD ABOVE! CAN'T WE--?
WOULD YE BE RISKIN' ANOTHER MUTINY, SQUIRE?
SILVER'S RIGHT, SQUIRE--
-- MAY THE LORD FORGIVE US.


THAT WAS THE END OF IT. WE LAID A COURSE FOR THE NEAREST PORT IN SPANISH AMERICA, FOR WE COULD NOT RISK THE VOYAGE HOME WITHOUT A FRESH CREW...
...AND SOMEWHERE IN THAT PORT JOHN SILVER VANISHED WITH A SACK OF GOLD. WE WERE ALL PLEASED, I THINK, TO BE SO CHEAPLY QUIT OF HIM.
ALL OF US HAD AN AMPLE SHARE OF THE TREASURE, AND USED IT WISELY OR FOOLISHLY ACCORDING TO OUR NATURES. CAPTAIN SMOLLETT RETIRED FROM THE SEA. GRAY SAVED HIS MONEY, AND BECAME PART OWNER OF A FINE SHIP. BEN GUNN GOT A THOUSAND POUNDS, WHICH HE SPENT OR LOST IN NINETEEN DAYS, AND HE WAS GIVEN A LODGE TO KEEP IN THE COUNTRY.
OF SILVER WE HAVE HEARD NO MORE, AND FOR ME -- THE WORST DREAMS THAT I EVER HAVE ARE WHEN I HEAR THE SURF BOOMING, OR START UPRIGHT IN BED WITH THE SHARP VOICE OF CAPTAIN FLINT STILL RINGING IN MY EARS --
--"PIECES OF EIGHT! PIECES OF EIGHT!"
N
W
E
S
The END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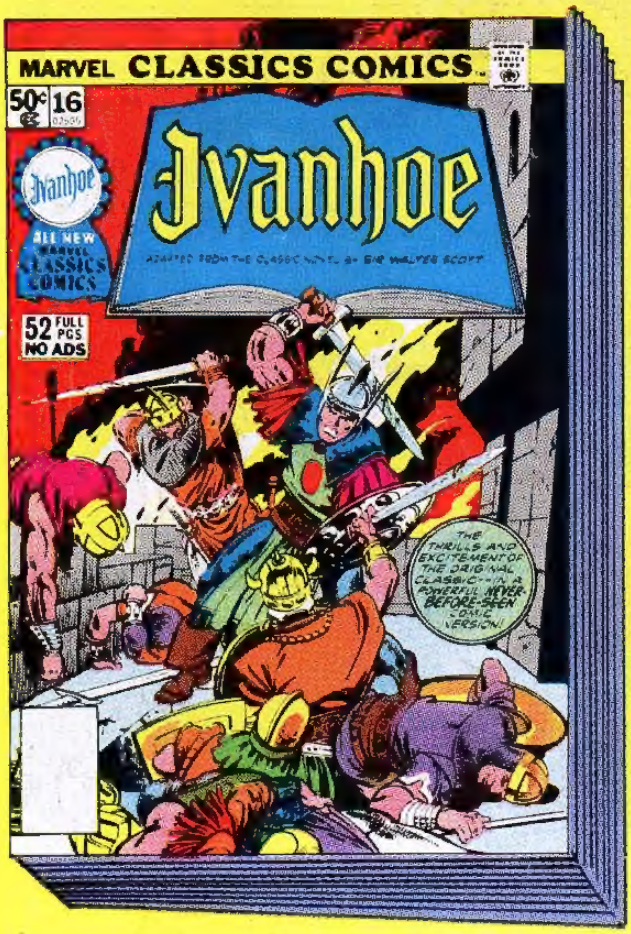
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